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Valparaiso University

THE

Cresset

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,

THE ARTS, AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

DECEMBER 1953

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THE CRESSET

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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Peace in Confusion

We can recall days when we were still a university undergraduate and we remember how awkward and uncomfortable we used to feel around examination time when practically all of our fraternity brothers were studying around the clock while we tried to take it easy and relax. The fact was that, being congenitally lazy and having fortunately hit upon an efficient day-to-day study routine, we needed to do little more than brush up on our notes to be prepared for an examination. Most of our brothers, like most undergraduates generally, tried to get a semester of studying into six days of intense cramming and they had good reason for being badly wrought-up during finals week. But their anxiety always communicated itself to us so that, even when we knew we were prepared for an examination, we felt more or less obligated to work up a synthetic anxiety.

Some of this longing to be in tune with the spirit of the times has, we fear, carried over into our adult thinking. The pundits say that this is a time of crisis and we, although we see no reason to stampede, echo their cryings. The prophets of doom recount the fearful possibilities of atomic warfare and so we, despite our conviction that God still knows how to take care of His own, add our voices to the voices of doom. It is so much more comfortable to ride a tide than it is to buck it, so much more pleasant to be one voice

in a chorus than to stand apart and sing one's own song honestly in a corner that men pass by.

Honesty requires effort and effort is hard to sustain. We would make that effort this month as the one gift which we have to bring to the Child Who is the Truth. And if we are wrong, we will at least be wrong for better reasons than most men have for being right.

This, then, we believe: that the God Who holds in His hands both the atom and the galaxies is not to be hindered or gainsaid by man; that the God Who came as man into man's history came to stay and will have His say and His way in the working out of that history; that the God Who came down like fire upon His Church is still with His people, gathering and keeping them at all times and in all places despite everything that men may do to obstruct His work.

And believing this, we can not fear. The more perilous the times, the firmer ought to be our faith in Him Who has forewarned us that in the last days perilous times would come. The more real becomes the possibility of the destruction of mankind, the more we ought to trust Him who prophesied that the world would someday be consummated. We knew, or should have known, that nation would rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; that earthquakes and famines and pestilences would distress divers parts of the earth; and that there would be fearful sights and great signs in the heavens. The early church erred in expecting these things to happen immediately. We have erred in suspecting that they never would really happen.

In all of these things, we see new evidence that God is faithful and does not lie. And if His warnings are sure and valid, we may calmly trust that His promises are equally sure and valid. We can possess our souls in patience and wait to see the salvation of the Lord.

Joyeux Noel

There is, unfortunately, no way to prevent people from laying vulgar and dirty hands upon Christmas. The stores have a legal right (though certainly not a moral right) to turn it into a commercial orgy. Tin Pan Alley can not be enjoined from making the holy season a noisy and noisome display of bathos. Greeting card manufacturers can not be prevented from releasing their annual snowstorm of sacrilege. Nor can office workers be legal-

ly prohibited their by-now-traditional right to make the birthday of God an occasion for drunken brawls.

But it is possible for Christian people to keep their own hands clean and to reject every temptation to vulgarize Christmas. It is even possible for them to transform the giving and receiving of cards and gifts into a testimony to their faith. What is chiefly required to do so is that one keep constantly in remembrance what Christmas really means and that one be very sensitive to impressions.

Take as an example the simple matter of sending out Christmas cards. Is Christmas really only a family festival, calling for greetings and best wishes from family to family? Then, by all means, send pictures of the children to friends and relatives. Is Christmas just an annual purgative for the emotions? Then, by all means, exchange bits of sentimental doggerel with your friends. Is Christmas just a good old American holiday? Then, by all means, invest in cards displaying a New England winter scene or the giant tree in Rockefeller Center. Is Christmas just a time to cut loose and have some mid-winter fun? There are cards on the market that guarantee a laugh in every line.

But if Christmas is more than all of these, then the cards that we send ought to testify to that something more. If Christmas is Christ-mass, it is as inappropriate to send a Christ-less card on the occasion of His birthday as it would be to sing "God Save the Queen" on the Fourth of July.

Unfortunately, many so-called religious Christmas cards are just as vulgar, in their own way, as are those cards which do not mention the Savior's name. A notable exception to this statement is the series of cards which is available from the bookstore of Concordia Seminary in Saint Louis. The designs, by Marty Marty, echo the simple grandeur of the Christmas story and the symbolism points clearly through the manger to the Cross, without which the manger would have no more meaning than would the rude bed of any infant born in our slums. There may be other cards of comparable quality, and we certainly do not intend to use our editorial columns as advertisements for any particular product, but these cards we can and do recommend as appropriate, artistically and theologically, to the season. The fact that they are available removes whatever excuse there may have been for our going along with the tawdry sentimentalism or the outright

sacrilege of most commercial greeting cards.

Trieste

Why in the world we didn't let sleeping dogs lie, in the case of Trieste, is a question which we will never be able to answer. Nor does it greatly matter, for the dogs have been aroused now and no one can predict what will finally happen.

The problem of Trieste is one of the knottiest and most complicated problems on a continent which has more than its fair share of problems. Both Italy and Yugoslavia claim Trieste and the surrounding country of the Istrian peninsula, and both governments can and do make strong arguments for their side of the dispute. The Yugoslavs maintain that *the greater part of the area* is settled by non-Italians, a claim which is apparently true. The Italians claim that *the greater percentage of the people* are Italians, a claim which appears also to be true. The trouble is that the rural populations are generally Slovenian and Croat while the city populations are chiefly Italian. But the two national groups are so intricately intermixed that is is simply impossible to draw an ethnic boundary line between them.

But the ethnic problem is only one aspect of the total problem. The most important fact to keep in mind with regard to Trieste is that it is, properly speaking, neither an Italian nor a Yugoslav city. The little village that had long existed here was built into a great port and trading city by the Austrians who needed it as an outlet for their commerce and a base for their navy. Thus Trieste is really the product of the Danube Valley and its commerce, a fact highlighted between world wars by the economic difficulties the Triestinos encountered when they could no longer call upon the resources of the shattered Austro-Hungarian Empire and were forced to get along as well as they could in an Italy which already had its greatest northern port in Genoa and an important Adriatic port in Venice.

The seemingly insurmountable problem of what to do about Trieste brings down to comprehensible size the much greater, but essentially similar, problem of all of Europe. Just as Trieste, in the very nature of things, cannot survive merely as the port of one country, so the countries of Europe themselves can not expect to survive long except as parts of that larger entity which is Europe. The one really accurate thing that might be said

about Trieste is that it belongs neither to Italy nor to Yugoslavia, but to Europe. And although perhaps neither the Italians nor the Yugoslavs realize it yet, the very same thing can and should be said about their countries. And until that truth, rooted in the very geography of Europe, becomes a reality in its political arrangements, there will always be Triestes to throw new fuel upon the smoldering fears and suspicions and hates which are the symptoms of a morbid nationalism.

Depression Ahead?

Those of us who are old enough to remember, however dimly, the turbulent '20s get a sort of creepy feeling when we check the economic barometer these days. One gets the feeling that he has been through all of this before—that in a strangely reminiscent way the present pattern of things repeats a pattern, each step in the development of which is somehow predictable.

There is, for instance, the same "you-never-had-it-so-good" atmosphere today that there was in '28 and early '29, the same conspicuous spending of easy money, the same disparity between social worth and individual income. There is economic malaise in Europe, rooted in war and nourished by fear. There are cracks of fairly considerable proportion developing in the structure of the farming economy, and it may be well to remember that in the '20s agricultural depression preceded the Depression of 1929. There is a growing chorus of caution—voices warning us that rough weather may lie ahead. And there are the same soothing voices from Washington advising us that the future never looked so bright.

Beneath and through all of this, we seem to detect a startling paradox: the paradox of the business man who is emotionally committed to those conservative social and fiscal principles which are usually identified with the Republican party and its southern Democratic allies but who has come to depend, during the past twenty years, upon various forms of government paternalism and subsidy. Put more bluntly, we have the paradox of the business man who keeps talking the free enterprise vocabulary of his youth while he makes his plans on the assumption of the continuation of some form of welfare state. It may well be the tragedy of the Eisenhower administration, and of the Republican party, that the conservative revolution will end up, as the exodus of the children of Israel

almost ended up, in fear of the risks of freedom and in nostalgia for the full fleshpot.

This is said with no partisan intent. One purpose of periodic elections is to permit the transfer of government in an orderly way from one set of special-interest groups to another. It is no more wrong for the Republican party to reflect generally the special interests of business and finance than it is for the Democratic party normally to reflect the special interests of labor. What the citizenry at large has a right to expect of both parties is that, when they are in power, they will conduct the affairs of the nation competently and courageously within the limitations of their own definitions of the good society and of wise policy. The people have entrusted the management of the government to a party which has stood for such things as sound money, a balanced budget, and a minimum of government paternalism. If business gets cold feet now and stampedes the economy into a depression, there will never again be a business-dominated American administration nor will there be a party to champion the business point of view. The business community will do well to listen to its own most able spokesmen and face up to the challenge which confronts it. There may not be an F.D.R. on hand to check the surge to the Left next time.

Highly Recommended

We have just finished reading, with great interest, a 30-page syllabus for group study published by the student service commission of the Lutheran Church —Missouri Synod under the title of "Christianity and Communism". We owe an apology to the commission, and to Pastor Ralph L. Moellering, author of the syllabus, for the thoughts that went through our mind when we first caught sight of the syllabus and its title. Tracts and articles on Christianity and Communism are a dime a dozen nowadays and, almost without exception, they are hardly worth the dime. Pastor Moellering's syllabus is a notable exception.

The syllabus presents, in well-written and well-organized form, a history of communist thought leading up to Marx and Engels and the publication of the Communist Manifesto. Then the author turns his attention to the working out of Communist theory in the Russian state and in its international setting in the modern world. Two chapters are given to Communism's challenge to religion and ethics and the

last two chapters (which we found especially perceptive) discuss the appeal which Communism has made to the hearts and minds of men and the Christian answer to that appeal.

This short syllabus, if it could be given the wide distribution it deserves, would do more to set the Communist evil in its proper perspective than have all of the Congressional hearings of the past decade. That is a large statement, but it is true. Pastor Moellering leaves the arm-waving and the slogan-shouting to the politicians and takes upon himself the harder job of ferreting out and setting down an intelligent, reasoned account of what Communism is, what Communists believe, how Communist belief directs Communist action, how Communism attracts individuals and groups to its ranks. The bibliography which follows each chapter shows an acquaintance with the most valuable resource material (much of it pretty heavy reading) and the questions suggested for discussion would indeed suggest some pretty searching discussions.

It is good to see something like this coming out under the auspices of a church agency. For too long, it has been tacitly assumed that Communism, like Sidney Smith's bishop, could be preached to death by wild curates. Communism, at its root, is a Christian heresy and the proper line of attack must be taken through a sound theology.

Everybody Likes Ike

Despite the most careful precautions of the Secret Service, the life of every President of the United States hangs in the balance against the madness of any crazy fanatic who might be willing to die in an attempt upon the President's life. That is one of the unavoidable hazards of the Presidency and the most that anyone can do about it is to try to spot and catch the madman before he gets within striking distance of the President. Fortunately, there are relatively few such nuts on the loose.

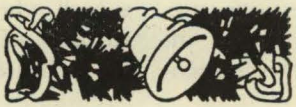
The real danger to the President is not from a bomb-throwing madman but from well-wishing friends and admirers. "Smothered with kindness" is more than a mere figure of speech when it is applied to the throngs of well-meaning people who insist upon shaking the President's hand or organizing a to-do in his honor. And the greater the personal popularity of the President, the greater the danger from this quarter.

To complicate matters in the particular case of President Eisen-

hower, there is the popular stereotype of the President as a hale and vigorous soldier in his middle fifties, the Eisenhower of World War II and the Normandy invasion. In reality, of course, the President, at 63, could be more accurately described as elderly. Nine of his predecessors were already dead at 63 or younger, among them Franklin D. Roosevelt who was just a month or so older than President Eisenhower is now at the time of his death.

We don't want to sound morbid and we are happy to hear from reliable sources that the President's physical condition is good. But by "good" we mean, of course, that it is good for a man of 63. The President appears to be fully capable of carrying out the arduous duties of his office. But only a robust 40-year-old could successfully cope with all of the "extras" that we persist in piling upon the already overloaded shoulders of our Presidents.

Both because we respect Mr. Eisenhower as President and because we sympathize with him as a human being, we propose that the "I-Like-Ike" people inaugurate and carry through a "Let-Ike-Alone" campaign. No more posing with the President in the White House rose garden. No more hallooing for the President to come out and address the Sixth District Precinct Captains Auxiliary. No more birthday parties under the big top. Let the man work during the day and read Westerns at night. It will do him good and, to paraphrase a remark by Engine Charlie Wilson, what's good for Ike is good for the country.



The PILGRIM

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." —PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By O. P. KRETZMANN

Dear Son:

It happens every year about this time and it came again yesterday. . . The morning was warm and bright and you objected to wearing your jacket to school. . . . After you left Stephen crawled to the screen door and chattered angrily at the passing cars. . . . As I walked to the campus the air was like wine and the sun was pale gold. . . .Students were sitting on the library steps. . . . A robin clung to the ivy on the walls . . . . I closed my eyes and carried my spirit back to April trying to regain that which now so soon would be lost to time and winter and snow . . . . the warmth and wonder of spring and summer . . . .

And almost at that very moment I felt the change . . . . The bushes beside the campus wall seemed to whisper more loudly, the wind rose, and the western sky grew dark . . . . Suddenly there was again that strange, indefinable touch of something about to happen, a hushed expectancy, the silent speech of all the great and little things in God's world . . . . This was no longer the fire and gold of autumn. . . . Winter had begun, grey at noon and dark, and another year had come to its dying . . . . It was time to think about Christmas again . . . .

When this Christmas comes you will be nine years old. . . . While you are unwrapping your presents I shall probably try to remember Christmas Eve in 1944 when you were as small as the Holy Child and looked at the lights and the fire and the manger with wide, uncomprehending eyes . . . . In the three thousand days since then you have grown almost to my shoulder, you have learned to read, and you know the story of the Child and the Mother and the stable and the journeying star . . . . You will read the Christmas Gospel for us this year and my ears will not hear only your voice but the lost voices of other days—when the

last one in the family to learn to read had the high honor of reading the magnificent "And it came to pass" . . . . . "and laid Him in a manger". . . . "Shepherds abiding in the fields" . . . . "No room for them in the inn" . . . . So many years now I have heard them and they are always new and always lovely . . . . Do you remember that last year, a few days after Christmas, you and I trudged through the snow at dusk to a little village church where they had set up the stable and the manger and the animals beside the altar? . . . . A single candle was burning near the Child and a bit of wood seemed to throw a shadow like a cross over His face . . . . We stood there a long time and looked at the Christmas stable . . . . This, I remembered, was your and my last home—the fragrant straw, the wise and patient beasts, the simple shepherds, the stars shining through a door that never closes, and the deep and unfathomable mystery of the Mother and God . . . . Is this why we love Christmas with such great tenderness? . . . . Because it is coming home? . . . . Because for those of us who are older the twelve months since our last journey to Bethlehem have held so many sins and sorrows, so many strayings and tears, that it seems almost impossible that the Child could ever condescend to be like this again, at least for us? . . . . And we wonder if this friendship of Joseph and Mary, the angel and the shepherds and the animals can ever be ours again? . . . .

And then December comes and here they are once more! . . . Everything is exactly the same . . . Nothing has changed. . . . The door of the stable is wide . . . . I bow my head and enter my home . . . . your home, too. . . . the great, golden home of the weary and heavy-laden, the little children of all history, the halt, the lame and the blind, the thirsty for the waters of life, the meek and pure in heart, the bad people who know they are bad and the good people who are not proud of being good,—all these from the ends of time and the world—until time, standing still, merges us with all eternity, caught in a single breath of God at Christmas. . . .

I think you are beginning to understand that now even though the full glory of it will not come to you for many years . . . . More and more you will know that it is just like God to lie cradled in a manger at the end of December and to call all men to meet Him as a child on His birthday . . . . You will know

that the Manger is for all of us the end of the journey down the hard days of conflict and failure and sin . . . . The Child holds out His hands and we cannot stay away .... He knows all about the passing and the former years; yet, knowing, He puts aside all sign of knowledge and calls us to the unstained and unending joy of Christmas . . . .

So—take my hand, my son, and come with me again .... We shall have to watch the door a little more closely this year .... It is open but it is very low .... Even you will have to stoop to pass through it and I must bend very low and bow my knees.... That, of course, is the very reason why so many people in the twentieth century fail to enter the stable.... You will remember that since the first Christmas only two kinds of people have really seen the Child .... There are the very wise, whose faith has made their eyes keen enough to know that the God Who is past finding out can be found in a manger and that there are other proofs for that than the scientific and mathematical. . . . They go through the door quietly and are not at all surprised at what they find .... And then there are the shepherds.... They have not been blinded by the glare of cities, the dust of towns, the swamplights of our world . . . . They walk in and recognize the Baby at once as being Who He has been from the foundation of the world . . . . And you and I—neither Wise Men or shepherds—can by the pity of the Child stumble into the door and feel just as much at home as they....

We shall do that again this Christmas Eve when the stars are blue and the strange Christmas silence comes down over the land ... You know—each year I resolve to write this letter to you on Christmas Eve and then hold it until the following November .... for on that night only can one really feel and touch Christmas.... the world is hushed waiting for heaven to come again ... the cry of a Child over the last carols on State Street ... the light of a star better and brighter than the fleeting candles of our years . . . . the mysterious change in nature . . . . Do you remember the great hymn which we shall sing again? ....

Joy to the world, the Lord is come
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room
And heaven and nature sing...

I have often thought about that last line .... Is that the reason for the quietness of Christmas

Eve?.... that all other sounds cease because the universe is singing in harmony—a song heard only by the citizens of heaven and little children of all ages? .... "Nature sings" ... everything is singing... earth and sky... land and sea... plants and animals ... everything from the atom to the farthest galaxy of stars .... from the viruses to the sages and saints of our race.... That is really the great thing about Christmas.... Suddenly it slips up and away from the simple homely things—the stable, the animals, the shepherds—to the far corners of the Universe .... "Sing choirs of angels, sing with exultation; Sing all ye citizens of heaven above"... Perhaps we can listen for this singing again this year, this deep secret song of Christmas Eve, this hidden glory in our world of things and fear and tears....

Only one more thing I want to say to you this year .... A few weeks ago a good friend said to me: "You now have three sons and you must write to all of them at Christmas time."... I thought about that a long time and then decided to continue writing to you alone, but to ask you to read parts of this letter to Mark and Stephen whenever you can get them to sit quietly for a few moments ....As you grow older, more and more of your Christmas must be in reflecting and sharing your joy with others .... This year, I think, we shall be particularly glad to help Stephen celebrate his first conscious Christmas.... He will not know, of course, what it is all about (or will he, by the strange alchemy of God?) but he will feel that something great and wonderful is going on.... Do you remember that he took his first halting steps a few days ago? .... This Christmas he will still toddle with arms outstretched.... an epitome of our twentieth century .... uncertain, unknowing, tottering... and yet walking again, by deep compulsion, toward the lights and the bells and the manger.... If only a few of them could find Stephen's happiness this Christmas night .... the happiness of moving beyond loneliness and tears to Love incarnate .... in the curious garments of a Child .... to the knowledge that at Bethlehem nothing is ever gone and nothing is ever lost .... that there are still songs at midnight and God coming down to earth and the good, forgiving touch of His everlasting hand ....

And so ... have a good Christmas, son.... I shall try to sing with you but the song will be more yours than mine .... The

night really belongs to you and Mark and Stephen and all the children of the world .... I can be happy only if I become like you ... and you might ask the Holy Child to help me do that...

DAD

To My Unborn Child

Forgive me, child, that you must rest unborn
without the smallest minute's memory,
without an hour's joy, a day of fear,
months of regret, the yearning of a year,
without the feeling that you too have been
an actor and spectator of this scene.
Forgive me, child, that you have never seen
what I have witnessed and have come to see.
Be glad, my child, that you can rest unborn.

Forgive me, child, that I have been too weak
to see you suffer the surprise of grief,
to see you stand outside and bang locked doors
and wonder at the pain of unseen sores,
of dreams that crumble into dimming dust.
And yet you missed the trembling of a leaf,
the sunset's silence and the magic must
of a first kiss—o joy, however brief!—,
the bitter harvest of your life's elation,
the sweet philosophy of resignation.
Forgive me, child, that I have been so weak.

WALTER SORELL

AD LIB.

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN

The candle-lighted Christmas tree may have been a combustible terror, but, even in the wide open field of Christmas decorations, it has never been equalled for sheer beauty. Though I haven't seen such a tree for a couple of decades, the vision is still clear in my mind. In those years, Christmas trees didn't appear the day after Thanksgiving; in fact, we saw very few, if any, until Christmas Eve. And we didn't see our own until early Christmas morning.

Then, long before dawn broke, we children were awakened and we hurried down the steps intrigued by the flickering light we saw reflected through the hall doorway. At the door of the parlor—it was used as a parlor and not as a living room—we stopped short. There was the tree in all its glory. The bushy branches of the pine reached from a few inches off the floor right up to the ceiling. Perhaps it didn't go right to the ceiling, but it seemed so to me, as it would to anyone just a few feet high standing under a tall tree. All the candles were burning. Their dancing flames were caught in the ornaments and were reflected back in all directions. The tree seemed alive.

The heat of the candle flame against the branches and the dripping wax generated a pine odor that filled the room. We children stood silently in awe. The tree had a hypnotic effect. It must have had such an effect because, at least for the moment, we ignored the brightly wrapped presents under the tree. Before we were allowed to touch the presents, though, there were other things to do. First came a hurried breakfast, consisting mostly of Christmas cookies, and

odor to the room.

It was dark, and usually cold and clear as we stepped outside ready for the walk to church and the early Christmas program scheduled for seven o'clock. The brightest star of them all was the Star of Bethlehem shining with almost dazzling light in the East. How recent, how immediate the birth of Jesus seemed to us at that moment! This was the very star that would guide the Wise Men. We hurried expectantly to church.

We were always a little surprised to see a light burning when we got there. This light came from a Star of Bethlehem in one of the stained glass windows of the balcony. It didn't seem possible that others were up earlier to take care of these things. Many of our friends were also going into church to hear the news. Once inside, the first thing we noticed was the Christmas trees which decorated the Nativity from St. Luke. Despite the familiarity of these beautiful passages, it had the sound of a fresh report, as if this were the first announcement of Christ's birth. I remember feeling sorry for the little Child with only hay to sleep on, though every creche I had seen made the manger appear to be a rather attractive birth place.

The warm feeling left by the glad tidings was not dispelled when we left the church. Dawn was just breaking and there was a half light, that period between dawn and full light, which had a mysterious quality, as if something wonderful had indeed happened just a short time ago. I had been up and around at that hour many times before, but never at any time, except on Christmas morning, did that half light seem to suggest some profound secret soon to be revealed.

Back home we lighted the candles on the tree once more

and had a chance to study the effect more closely. The tree was decorated with ornaments and strings of popcorn. The candles, ridged and in many colors, had been placed in tin containers which were clamped to the branches. Crowning it all was an angel set securely at the pinnacle of the tree.

After the flurry of opening the presents was over, we had another breakfast, this one eaten a little more slowly than the earlier one. And then it was time to visit Grandpa and Grandma. This was not a long trip since our grandparents lived just on the other side of the house. We were sure of the present we would receive from Grandpa because it never varied from year to year. Each of us received an orange and a sack of sugar candy. By this time some of our cousins would be there too and each of them was handed the same gift.

One of my female cousins and I were the two youngest in the crowd and the chore of entertainment fell upon us. We knew what was expected, since that, too, varied not at all from one year to another. At the given moment we stood self-consciously in the room, now well filled with relatives, and sang *Stille Nacht* and *O Tannenbaum*. Neither of us spoke German or even understood more than a phrase or two in that language and our pronunciation must have been far from good. We did have some idea of the sense of the words, because we knew both songs in English. Our rendition, despite the accent, was greeted with restrained approbation by Grandpa and we were requested to sing "Away in a Manger", which we did, in English. "Requested" is not quite the correct word. Grandpa had an authoritative manner and, while his intentions were kind, he had the habit of directing rather than requesting. My cousin and I both liked to sing, but we chose to do it under quite different circumstances, and so we always considered this Christmas morning program a command performance.

And now, over the gentle and futile protests from Grandma, who would have preferred just visiting with her children and grandchildren, Grandpa began his part of the annual program. In one corner of the room was a phonograph. It was a small one and its tone reproduction was very poor. After winding the machine carefully, he put on the first record. We already knew what it was because this was the lead-off record every year. First came a few bars from a tinny-

sounding piano and then came the voice of Madame Schumann-Heink singing *Stille Nacht*. Many years later after hearing other versions of Madame Schumann-Heink singing this number, I learned to appreciate it, not for the finished performance since this was recorded after her prime, but to appreciate it for the warmth and the feeling she put into it. But I could not appreciate it while hearing it on Grandpa's phonograph since what came out consisted mostly of a rasping voice surrounded by squawks.

My cousin and I occupied a chair together in one corner of the room and that was not a good idea. The total effect of the record could not help but be a humorous one to us, and we had to live through a torturous few minutes doing everything possible to hold back any sound that would resemble laughter. It became worse on the next record which consisted of a German sermon delivered by some shrill elocutionist. I'm sure this record sounded odd even to a person who understood German. My cousin and I sat there with tears running down our cheeks from the effort of avoiding any sign of mirth. We would alternately shake and tense up as we fought back a wayward giggle. With great relief, after this record was finished, we children were released to play out of doors.

Most of the remainder of the day was spent in visiting relatives and friends. There was nothing unusual about these visits, though I can remember having difficulty getting adjusted, as I still do, on a day that seems like a Sunday, but isn't.

After supper, Mother put us through a short rehearsal of the parts we were to take in the Christmas program at church that evening. My part in those years consisted mostly of reciting a highly memorized four line verse while holding a card containing one of the letters needed to complete the spelling of "Christmas". The programs in those years were little different from the ones presented today. They contained the same mistakes, the flubbed lines, the card brought out upside down, the lack of attack on the group singing, but they also contained, as they do today, the simplest, clearest, and most effective way of telling the story of the Nativity, through the voices of children.

Our lines may have been memorized to the point of rote but we delivered them with an absence of show or sophistication that made them all the more ef-

fective. As the program progressed and our nervousness decreased, we felt again the power of the story we were telling. The birth of Jesus was a real, an intimate, and a personal affair.

After the service, boxes of candy were distributed to all children present and we returned home to sing a few more carols and to eat a few more cookies under the candle-lighted tree. We were permitted to play for a little while with the toys that Santa Claus had brought us. Yes, we did believe in Santa Claus and quite firmly too. It wasn't difficult. We didn't see a Santa Claus in every store for the month before Christmas. We saw only one, a jolly, convincing man (in reality, as I discovered later, the gas meter man) who appeared on the streets just a few days before the holidays. But Santa had his place and he never obscured for us the real meaning of Christmas. Being the youngest, I was also the first carted off to bed. My last view of the tree was of the angel standing firmly in the flickering light on the top branch. I knew what the angel was saying, because I had heard the glad tidings that morning and I was still thrilled over the news.

A Christmas Garland

By THE EDITORS OF THE CRESSET

Each year at Christmas time, the editors of the CRESSET try to approach the Christmas story from some new point of view, not in the hope of improving upon it but in the hope that somehow they may be able to focus it down for men and women who are far removed, both in time and in spirit, from Bethlehem and the stable manger. The story as we have it, particularly in the Gospel according to St. Luke, is complete and perfect in itself. And it is perhaps the very completeness and perfection of the story that sometimes stands between men and an understanding of its profound message. For it is easy to become lost in the sheer grandeur of the narrative, the sheer beauty of the words—and to forget that it is first and foremost a record of what really happened, once and for all time, when God took upon Himself the form of a servant and was found in fashion as a man.

We are unable to add anything to the story and we would not wish to detract from it. Our hope is that we may, in a very modest way, retell it in language understandable to our own time. And since, in our day, the emphasis has shifted from God to man, we have undertaken to turn our attention to the men and women who played the major roles in the story of the Nativity for, in them, we shall see that man can not be understood as a thing apart from his God. The story of men, and of any one man, is the story of an encounter—a meeting with God which determines what a man truly is and what he may hope to become. The faithful heart may come from this encounter with a Magnificat upon her lips. The rebellious heart may turn from this encounter to slaughter all of the children in a village. Both the Magnificat and the slaughter are responses to the divine confrontation and both are testimony to the reality of God.

In the pages to come, we have tried to show how men reacted to this divine confrontation. But of much more importance, in this holy season, is the question

of how each of us will respond to it. It is hardly likely that we shall hear angel songs or see a star in the east this Christmas of 1953. But our God will confront us nonetheless and we shall respond. For some of us, this Christmas will mark another step toward catastrophe. For others, it will bring new assurance of life and hope and peace. May the Child Who is Immanuel touch many hearts this Christmas with the warm joy of His appearing and draw them to His manger throne.

Zacharias

Was it perhaps irony that prompted St. John the Divine to address the pastors of the churches in Asia Minor as "angels"? Their office, it is true, is the nearest equivalent earth has to offer to the sublime office of the holy angels. Like the angels, pastors and priests stand in the presence of the Lord and praise Him daily. Like the angels, pastors and priests speak the counsel and will of God to His people and denounce His anger upon the disobedient. But what pastor would not find the title of "angel" an embarrassing title?

Zacharias was a priest. He had been a priest for years and regularly, year after year, when his turn came around, he stood in the holy place ministering. The routine was a familiar one and undoubetdly Zacharias had mastered it long ago. It was just a matter now of doing what the job called for whenever his turn came around. Zacharias was an angel, but it seems unlikely that he was ever particularly aware of it. At least he didn't know how to deal with a real angel when he met one.

Probably Zacharias had never even considered the possibility of encountering anything or anyone superhuman in his service at the altar. What would an angel be doing, interrupting the ancient routine of Jewish worship? The order of service was set, had been set for as long as anybody could remember, and there was no rubric for dealing with angelic intruders.

The note of irony creeps in here again. Gabriel introduces himself. "I am Gabriel, *that stand in the presence of the Lord*". Did Zacharias understand his vocation clearly enough to catch this subtle rebuke for having failed to recognize a colleague? Probably not, for Gabriel introduced himself only after it became obvious from Zacharias' mutters of disbelief that he didn't know whom he was talking to. And lest there be

any lingering doubt, Gabriel presented his credentials in the form of a sign: "Thou shalt be dumb, and not able to speak, until the day that these things shall be performed". Appropriately enough, it was Zacharias' tongue which had to carry the mark of his lack of faith—the tongue which had so often framed the name of God but had never yet been touched by the holy fire.

Months later, Zacharias' tongue was loosed and he spoke. And how he spoke! "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his people, and hath raised up a mighty salvation for us in the house of his servant David". Here was no ritual mumbling of collects appointed for the day. Here was no reciting of the propers for the season. Here was prophecy, here was vision, here was an angel speaking.

There is no record that Zacharias ever saw another angel. But if he had, there is little doubt that he would have recognized him. He knew how angels spoke.

Elizabeth

There is a death which is worse than physical death. To have a mind, but to be incapable of thinking; to have a tongue, but to be unable to speak; to have a womb, but to be unable to conceive—these may be worse than death. These are the forms of sterility and sterility is death.

Old Elizabeth had outlived both her hopes and her regrets. She had come to terms with life. She had lived many years and soon she would die and it would make no real difference at all that she had lived. Even the fragile spark of life which had passed from generation to generation down to her and Zacharias would flicker and die with them. The future for both of them held only death—death final and complete.

But then, in a moment, the whole picture changes. New vigor surges in the dry old limbs, the house of death quickens with life and activity. "Elizabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John. And thou shalt have joy and gladness; and many shall rejoice at his birth".

How many angels must have sought the privilege which was granted to John! And Elizabeth was to have the honor of giving birth to this "greatest among the children of men". If this were fiction, we would say that the story is too unreal, too good, to be true. But that is the sort of thing that was happening in Judaea in those days just before

and just after the Savior's birth. All sorts of happy endings were being written, all sorts of songs were being sung, and for a while everything was turning out just the way it does in fairy tales.

And that, apparently, is just the way God wanted it. The child who was to be born in Bethlehem would be a child of hope. In his birth, the Father would once and for all give the answer to the question which had so long plagued philosophers: "Is the universe friendly?" That answer would be "Yes". The writers of fairy-tales had come closer to guessing the truth than had most philosophers and most priests. There was the possibility that man could "live happily ever after", that the dragon could change into a handsome prince, that the sleeping beauty could be awakened by a kiss. The youthful vigor pushing its way through Elizabeth's hard old veins testified to that, and to the goodness of a God Who heals our sicknesses and makes us young again.

Mary

It is not hard to understand the reverence which Christian people, for centuries, have felt toward the Virgin Mother of God. Blessed indeed she is among women and it seems a curious thing that some men have apparently felt that they could properly honor her Son only by despising His mother.

But the great glory of Mary was that she was no more or less human than are the rest of us and yet was chosen to be the mother of God. Had she been immaculately conceived, the Savior would not have been truly Immanuel—"God with us"—for she would not have been one of us. Had she been miraculously taken into the heavens to share the throne and glory of her Son, the perfection of her sacrifice would have been marred by the gain she would have derived from it. The dignity and glory of Mary rests not upon any miraculous powers which some would say that she now possesses, nor upon any special role which she plays as intercessor for men, but upon the fact that she was highly favored of God. Let this one unique glory stand without any shadow of idolatry or shabby sentimentality.

Why was Mary chosen to be the mother of God? To find the reason in Mary herself is to belittle the unfathomable goodness of God. Mary herself, certainly, gives no indication of having expected to be chosen as the mother of the Savior. "How shall this

Blessed, then, indeed she was and is. But the blessedness which was hers differs more in degree than in kind from that which is ours if, like Mary, we surrender to the power of the Holy Spirit and permit Him to form Christ within us. Christ did not come into the world to be born in hearts miraculously preserved from sin but to dispossess sin from hearts which had grown weary of its burden. Christ did not seek a human mother so that there might be yet one more barrier between the Father and His children, but so that He might restore that free access to the Father which His children had enjoyed before the Fall.

We honor Mary, therefore, not by singing Aves to her but by following her faith and imitating her obedience. She did not seek to usurp her Son's throne. She sought only to help Him reach it.

meaningiessly restricted sense of the term. One moment of passion may make a man a parent but it takes a great deal more than that to make him a father.

It is not therefore really true to say that our Lord did not have an earthly father. Of course he did. We know very little about Joseph but the little that we do know allows us to construct a plausible picture of this kind and honorable carpenter. And we know that when our Lord sought for some word to describe the indescribable God, the word He chose was "Father". Are we not justified in supposing that our Lord had experienced, in His relation to Joseph, the clearest and happiest illustration of the relation that should exist between a man and his God?

What kind of a father was Joseph? Above everything else, he was a faithful steward of God and therefore we may suppose that his first concern was that Mary's little Son should be instructed in

the Torah, the Holy Law which it was the ancient privilege of the Jewish father to pass on to his children. Undoubtedly also, Joseph taught the Boy the skills of his trade and surely, for both father and Son, those years spent working side by side in the shop must have been happy years. Perhaps it was during the cool evening hours between the end of the workday and bedtime that our Lord learned, from Joseph, the gentle art of the story-teller.

The silence that enshrouds Joseph after our Lord's twelfth year is one of those magnificently appropriate things in Scripture. One recalls the words of our Savior excoriating the hypocritical show-offs and praising those who, without fanfare or public show, go about doing good. Joseph was such a man. When God came into his home as a baby boy, Joseph was content to serve Him by changing His diapers, giving Him His bath, taking splinters out of His fingers, taking Him fishing, buying Him clothes, perhaps even giving Him an occasional rap on the knuckles. None of these things were done for show. Indeed, even if they had been, no one would have noticed them. But verily they had their reward.

For years later, when the Child had grown to manhood, he taught His discpiles to pray saying, Our *Father,* Who art in heaven . . .

The Shepherds

In every age, the Church has had to resist the efforts of some within Her fellowship to introduce a kind of spiritual caste system. The temptation is a strong one, because the mysteries of God are so profound that a lifetime of study will not suffice to understand them more than superficially and it is easy to suppose that the masses of Christian people ought to yield to the superior wisdom of some priestly or theological elite. But it was not to the doctors of the law or to the temple scribes that God chose to make His first revelation of the mystery of all mysteries, the Incarnation of His Son.

On the hills near Bethlehem, a group of simple shepherds were watching over their flocks. "And the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, *and they were sore afraid*".

God, it must be remembered, invented drama. And He was not going to have the perfection of the most dramatic moment in history wasted upon an unappreciative audience. What might have happened if the angels had

announced the good news of the Savior's birth to a group of doctors and scribes? There would have been questions. Notes would have been taken. Someone would have been sure to ask the angels for their credentials. And when it was all over—what? Would these learned scholars have gone to Bethlehem to worship, or would they have sat up until dawn checking this "phenomenon", disputing about its significance, and perhaps ultimately writing it off as a mass hallucination?

The shepherds were sore afraid They received the angels' message as it deserved to be received —with fear, in faith and in silence. No word of man interrupted the heavenly music. No questionings or disputings followed upon it. These simple souls made the perfect response to the perfect moment—"Let us go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord has made known unto us".

There is no intrinsic virtue in being unlearned. But neither —thank God!—does lack of learning prevent men from receiving the revelation of God. All that is needed is an open heart. Where meek souls will receive Him still, the Lord Christ enters in.

The Wise Men

What was it that the wise men did when they bowed before the Child of Bethlehem? Did they surrender their intellects? Did they acknowledge that a lifetime of study and meditation had been wasted seeking what they could never have found except for the miraculous intervention of a gracious God?

It is easy to suppose so. Thinking is hard work. Discipline is unpleasant. Meditation is uncomfortable. How pleasant it would be to draw, from the story of the wise men, the false notion that God will reveal Himself where He pleases and when He pleases, whether we seek Him or not. And indeed we must not overlook the fact that at times He has done something very like that. But barring the occasional exception, it still remains true that he who *seeks,* will find; and to him who knocketh, it shall be opened.

It took a direct sign from God to guide the wise men to the Holy Stable. But the star was in the heavens for all to see. To the wise men, it was a sign because they actually did see it and because they recognized it as a sign. Their years of study and contemplation had not been lost. They had been spent in prepara-

tion for this one great moment and without those apparently profitless years it might well have been that they would not have recognized the significance of the star, when, at last, it appeared in the heavens.

And so while we rightly respect the unsophisticated faith of those simple and unlettered souls who accepted their Savior in faith, we must not mistake illiteracy and lack of learning for virtues in themselves. God has not left himself without witness. He has his avenues of approach to every soul that will receive Him, whether it be the simple heart of a shepherd or the brilliant mind of the scholar. Neither learning nor the lack of it can, of itself, frustrate the work of the Holy Spirit. Only the will can close the door upon Him, as our Lord said in His lamentation over Jerusalem— "Ye *would* not!"

But just as man's wisdom need not, of itself, separate him from his God, so it can not, of itself, comprehend the fullness of God. Not all of the books in the world can set a star in the heavens nor can the wisest mind find its own way to Bethlehem. Our learning is that through which we seek, but only God can permit us to find. Our learning is that through which we knock, but only God can open the door. It is enough that we seek and knock, for He has promised that if we seek Him with our whole hearts, we shall surely find Him. And God does not lie.

Herod

Herod the King was a big shot. He had influence. He knew his way around. What's more, he owned the police and the clergy and the army and everybody who was anybody in Judaea. He knew what he wanted out of life and he knew how to get it. He was a success. He was also, in the most literal and terrible sense of the term, a damned fool.

There are always those who suppose themselves to be more gracious, more merciful, more forgiving than God Himself. They would feel constrained to speak some word in Herod's defense. They would note his heredity, his descent from a family hardly deserving to be described as human. They would note his environment, the pagan empire in which corruptness was taken for granted, the Jewish priesthood which was almost as corrupt as the civil administration. They would try, at long range, to psychoanalyze him, to catalogue the tensions and frustrations and anxieties that ate away at his character and personality.

And from it all would come the familiar fictional character of the great tragic hero, the man who in sheer torment was driven to shake his fist at God and who therefore fell tragically below the shattering blows of a wrathful Divinity.

The Christian Faith is kind, and warm, and merciful, and forgiving, always ready to forget the past, always ready to give a man a new start, always ready to restore those who have fallen. But it is not sentimental. God is a forgiving Father, but He is not a door mat. There is such a thing as damnation and there is such a place as Hell. Nowhere is there any indication in Scripture that Christians are supposed to waste a great dea of sympathy on those who, by their own deliberate choice, chose to reject the grace that was offered them. It would be a monstrous thing if the wickedness of evil men could forever cloud the joy of the redeemed.

Herod had lived among the Jews long enough to be acquainted with the promises of their religion and he knew, or should have known, of their hope for a Messiah Who would be God incarnate. Coldy and methodically, he set about to destroy the Messiah and, although he did not succeed in what he had set out to do, he did succeed in spreading heartbreak through all of Bethlehem. And so he became a living warning to ages yet to come. Christmas brings with it peace and forgiveness and reconciliation with God to those who will receive Him. But it brings also judgment. He that believeth on the Son, hath life. But he that believeth not the Son shall not see life. The wrath of God abideth on him.

After the Garden

By Della Marie Krentz

I

In slow gyrations a yellow leaf floated through the air in its descent from its parent tree and settled on the grass below. The Man who had observed its fall picked it up and inspected it in puzzled concentration, then looked up into the lush green tree from which the leaf had been cast out. High among its strong branches he saw a twig of withered leaves. "Blight—corruption", he said to himself, and sorrowfully shook his head. Ever since the unhappy day when he and the Woman had been forced to leave the idyllic life of the Garden, they had noticed imperfections creeping into the once flawless beauty of the surroundings that had become their new home. The decay that seasonal changes brought about in the vegetation could be understood, but each new evidence of corruption in nature somehow was unexpected and hurt them deeply.

The Man was on his way to perform a task which had been postponed again and again, a task the haunting thought of which he abhorred. He and the Woman had discussed endlessly the problem of repairing their worn garments until, finally, they had arrived at the only solution that seemed possible. It had been difficult for them to learn to solve problems, to plan, to make choices after the earlier days in a sheltered world of beauty and perfection where everything they had done had come with ease and with a sure knowing they had never questioned. The decision the Man was about to carry out had cost them much anguish, for their conclusion that only the skin of an animal could serve their clothing needs meant that the life of one of the creatures of the forest must be snuffed out, sacrificed. For this purpose, after long debate, they had chosen one of twin yearlings. The animals which freely roamed the meadows, fields, and forests loved and trusted the human pair, and obeyed their will. They welcomed their presence with joyful leapings about, and responded affectionately to their caresses. The Master and Mistress knew their habits, knew where they

fed and played and slept. As the animal pairs reproduced, they were delighted with the appealing offspring the parents proudly presented to them, and their own small child passed many contented hours in companionship with these lively young creatures.

The Man reached the spot where the yearlings made their home. They sprang up and gave little leaps of pleasure at seeing him. Instead of responding to their playfulness, the Man stonily beckoned one of the yearlings to follow him. In a sheltered hollow they stopped. Suddenly, without warning, with his face painfully contorted, the Man reached out his hands and encircled the yearling's neck in a powerful grip. As the yearling thrashed its body in an agonized struggle to free itself, a sick rage filled the Man's heart at this deed he must perform. He tightened his grip; it held like a vice; and at last the yearling fell limp at his feet. With loathing the Man looked at his hands. He hated this deed; he hated everything that had happened since he had so easily succumbed to temptation; but most of all he hated himself. Memories of the days when he felt clean, when his perception was clear and pure, memories of days when he felt less a pygmy flooded in on him. He knelt beside the dead yearling, buried his head in his hands, and shook with anguished sobbing. From the shadows, from behind trees and boulders, eyes of shocked disbelief, fearfilled eyes, followed the Man as he carried away the carcass which he had flung across his shoulders.

II

Lion had been deeply disturbed by the Man's act, and for days had scarcely left his shelter. But now he was hungry. Lately it had required more effort to find sufficient food. Some change had come which had affected his food supply, and strange growths had appeared among the usual abundance which his senses told him not to touch. Not far from his shelter grew a patch of his favorite herbs. He rose and headed for it. Here, too, the supply had diminished. As he approached it, he was irritated to see a doe feeding. Upon hearing him come, it raised its head for a moment and confidently continued to eat. In his disturbed and hungry state it angered him to see, bit by bit, portions of his favorite food disappear. Lion emitted a low growl. The doe skipped aside a few paces and then returned to its feeding. Lion growled more fiercely at the in-

truder. Still unconcerned, the doe moved slightly and continued to eat. In rage Lion roared and came closer. The doe turned its head and stood frozen in terror as Lion lifted a huge paw and struck. . . . All anger gone, Lion looked at the crumpled body which lay before him. For a long time he stood by the side of the motionless creature. The smell of blood rose in his nostrils, and he stared at the red trickle that issued from the doe's mouth. He remembered the first time, only a few days ago, that he had smelled this odor, the odor that had clung to the spot where the Man and the yearling had struggled. Lion turned slowly away, back to his lair, his hunger forgotten. Fear like a pall lay over the animal world, and each animal crept silently into its shelter to hide.

III

The Woman watched her husband, wearing the garment which was again serviceable, come walking out of the forest. There was no buoyancy in his step, and his body drooped as of one suffering. As he came nearer, she saw that his face looked stricken and pale. "Something has happened, Husband," the Woman spoke urgently, "tell me." Wearily, too shaken to speak, he sat down. Disturbed by his distress, she stroked his hair gently and waited until, at last, in a strained voice, he spoke: "As I was walking, deep in the forest, Lion came out of his den and stood in the path. I called his name and bent down to stroke his mane. He stiffened and gave a low growl, and suddenly I felt as if we had become as strangers. We stood for a long moment, neither of us moving. Then Lion sniffed at me and bared his teeth and snarled, and in his eyes I saw fear and anger and hate. I stood rooted to the ground, terribly afraid. Lion snarled again, and I wanted to run, to flee from the threatening thing. But I did not move—I could not let him see that I was afraid—and finally he turned away, and left." Bitterly he added, "He smelled blood on my hands. . . we have betrayed them all." The Woman had listened and her face, too, was colorless. Her eyes strayed to where her young child was tumbling with a clumsy, young, furry creature. "Husband," she gasped, "Our child! Is he safe?" And she ran to where he played as if the wind were driving her. She snatched him up and ran back to her husband. The three stood, trembling, clinging to each other, and in each face was the look of fear.

Letter from Xanadu, Nebr.

Dear Editer,

Dad is down in bed with a virous infection. Which means that he can't write his colum this month. So you get a guess-columnist free for nothing.

I've been reading Dad's stuff ever since he started writing for you and I still don't know whether he is serous or trying to be funny. He's just like that around home too. Sometimes I think he is really trying to be funny but more often I think he don't know any better. Of course I still think he's a pretty good guy. And it aint his fault that he never got beyond the eigth grade.

It's kind of hard for me to write for a religious magazine. Because I'm still just a kid practicly speaking and I haven't had much time yet to go very deep into religion. That's one thing I want to do after I get my education out of the way and get established in business and settle down. I figure that religion ought to do two things for you. First, it ought to get you saved, and that's just as important for

happen, you know, and while I don't expect to get killed or anything like that it doesn't pay to take any chances. I had a good Christian upbringing so I figure that I have enough religion to save me in case anything unforeseen should happen.

And in the second place. I figure that religion is something you ought to go deeper into as you get older and you run into more and more problems and worries. Dad always says that when he's had a bad day down at the store or when he doesn't feel too good or when he's been in an argument it helps a lot to read the 23d Salm or something else like that. It cools him down and keeps him from getting ulcers. Besides, after you have kids, you ought to set them a good exampel.

Sometimes I wander about our church, though. When I first went to high school I actually thought that if you didn't belong to our church there wasn't much of a chance for you. Then I got to know the high school crowd and I couldn't see that they were any worse than most of the kids in our own church, and since I've been at the U. I've had a chance to get aquainted with a lot more types and

most of them are pretty decent kids too. Right in my own fraternity house, we've got all kinds – Protestants, Cathlics, Jews, even a guy from India who won't eat meat because it might be somebody's mother or something. And they're all good guys. Their young, of course, and you can't expect them to act like they were seventy year old deacons but outside of a little drinking and maybe a little too much horsing around with women, their just as good as you or me. I'd feel like a sap if I tried to tell one of these guys that he was a no-good sinner. Chances are he'd bust me one on the kisser and I'm not too sure that I wouldn't have it coming to me.

The way I see it, there is a certain way of believing that is right for me and I've got to behave myself according to my way of believing. If somebody else believes in some other way, he's got to live according to his belief. The trouble with a lot of people is that they say they believe one thing and then go and do something else and that's just plain hippocrisy.

Or take this matter of going to church. I used to think that if you didn't go to church on Sunday you would have bad luck all week long. But the Bible doesn't say you got to go to church. So although I still go to church; I don't get all worried and excited if I miss now and then. When I do go, which is about every other Sunday, it seems to be my luck that the preacher is off on some tangent about the meaning of communion or something else like that which is what preachers ought to study but it doesn't do anything for me. I go to church to get pepped up for the week ahead. Not to wear myself out trying to follow another lecture. Sometimes I think that our preachers could stand to take some courses in spycholgy. They couldn't sell soap with the kind of dry stuff they talk up in the pulpit.

Well, I hope this doesn't all sound like I am fed up with the church or lost my faith or anything like that. It's still a pretty good old church and here and there you can see that it is catching up with the times. Give it another twenty-five years and it'll be a lot different than it is today. The old farmers are dying off pretty fast and more and more of us young guys are getting around and getting an education and it'll all show up in time.

Yours truly,

HOMER G.

Music and MUSIC MAKERS

By WALTER A. HANSEN

Many believe that Gregorian plainsong is, in the final analysis, the purest and most effective type of church music.

In Gregorian plainsong the word, not the music, is supreme. In accordance with its fundamental purpose, Gregorian plainsong, when properly chanted, does nothing to detract, even to the slightest degree, from the meaning, the importance, and the sublimity of the sacred text.

I urge everyone interested in church music to read, re-read, and digest a wonderful little book from the pen of Archibald T. Davison, the learned and witty James Edward Ditson Professor of Music at Harvard University. The title is *Church Music: Illusion and Reality* (Harvard University Press. 1952). Dr. Davison states that plainsong

> still remains the unchallenged example of worship become music. No other voice so fittingly adorns the Roman service or so ably illuminates its doctrine. In folksong and the dance, rhythm was essential, but plainsong was the Church's property, and it abjured every musical device which was primarily the possession of the world; devices such as rhythm, chromatics, and the sequence. It rejected accompaniment of any sort, both vocal and instrumental, and thus kept itself free of harmonic and contrapuntal complications, as well as those created by dissonance. In spite of its simplicity and its scorn of any sensuous appeal plainsong has never, even in those periods when church music was inclined to sentimentality, lost its hold on the worshiper's imagination.

When speaking of Gregorian plainsong one has every right to say that it is "music framed to the life of the words." Can one define it more accurately and more succinctly? The expression "framed to the life of the words" was written by William Byrd (1542 or 1543 - 1623), a famous English organist and composer.

Some Thoughts on Church Music (continued)

Hugo Leichtentritt, the eminent musicologist, points out that in Gregorian plainsong "the entire attention and interest are centered. . . in the construction and expression of the melody in its relation to the words, in its rhythmical diction." (*Music, History, and Ideas.* Harvard University Press. 1938.)

Let me relate an experience I recently had.

I was speaking on the music of ancient Greece. The audience was made up exclusively of men and women who have devoted themselves to the study and the teaching of Latin and Greek. Among those in attendance were some representatives of the Roman Catholic faith—nuns, priests, and monks.

During the discussion period a priest asked me, "Do you think that the choruses in the ancient Greek plays exercised any influence on the development of Gregorian Chant?"

I replied that no one could, by any stretch of the imagination, call me an authority in the vast field of Gregorian plainsong and that I was inclined to look with a bit of suspicion upon some of those who undertake to speak authoritatively and categorically on the subject. I pointed out that the Benedictines — and there were some Benedictines in the audience — have done the all-important work in the domain of Gregorian Chant and that what the world of music knows about this type of church music it owes, almost exclusively, to the industry and the research of the Benedictines — industry and research that have been applied for hundreds of years.

"But I have an opinion," I went on. "I cannot believe that the choruses in the plays of ancient Greece exercised any significant influence whatever on the development of Gregorian Chant. Why? Because there are elements of emotional excitement in the Greek choruses—excitement brought about primarily by meter and rhythm. And, as you know, these meters and rhythms often are highly complex in character. They mirror, so to speak, the agile minds of the sharp-witted Greeks among whom they came into being.

"But such elements of physical and mental excitement are not at all in keeping with the true character and purpose of pure Gregorian plainsong, which, when used properly, permits nothing to interfere with, or to detract from, the sublime and supreme importance of the word. If it is in order to speak about

excitement at all in connection with the fundamental purpose of Gregorian plainsong, the word must be used to refer to the excitement which consists in reverence."

The Roman Catholics in the audience all nodded assent.

What About the Greek Modes?

I had set forth my conviction as briefly and as forcefully as I could. I still cling to that belief —even though I know that some musicologists will scratch their heads, knit their brows, and spring to their feet with the question, "Didn't the modes of ancient Greece play at least some kind of a role in the development of the melodic character of Gregorian plainsong?"

My answer woud be: "Undoubtedly they did—to a certain extent. But in Gregorian plainsong no modes, or portions of modes, are used in such a way as to give rise to any elements of physical and mental excitement —excitement that would have a tendency to detract from the meaning and the importance of the word. Consequently, it is of no moment whatever to stress the fact that such modes, or portions of modes, were in use among the Hellenes of old or that the Hellenes had special names for them. Gregorian plainsong, which contains some Oriental elements, would, I am sure, have come into being even if nothing at all had been handed down concerning the music of ancient Greece. After all, some things in music are, in the last analysis, universal in intrinsic character and in development.

"Besides, when you talk about the melodic character of Gregorian plainsong, you must be on your guard against thinking of melody as used in other types of music—secular as well as sacred. The erudite and sensitive Dr. Davison correctly points to the 'pulseless flow of plainsong which defied any attempt to confine it within the straitjacket of the measure.' "

Some Roman Catholic priests and some Roman Catholic choirs know how to chant plainsong properly; some commit mayhem whenever they undertake to chant. In like manner, some non-Roman Catholics who, in their naivete, imagine that they have *mastered* the art of plainsong deal with it in a manner which is downright cruel. Some even go so far as to convince themselves that they can palm off their horrible and ghastly improvising as genuine plainsong. These improvisers—a plague on them!—may

be able to fool many listeners, just as some so-called pianists who murder, let us say, a sonata from the pen of Ludwig van Beethoven often induce more than one listener to exclaim in ecstatic ignorance, "What a master of the piano he—or she—is!"

Yes, one must say that Gregorian plainsong, like all other kinds of music, has its unknowing and its downright fraudulent practitioners.

I like Gregorian plainsong, and I think I know at least something about its character and its proper function. But plainsong has its hard-and-fast limitations. Advocates of other kinds of church music believe with all their hearts that such things as meter, rhythm, measure accents and appealing melodies—all exciting in themselves—can, and actually do, produce the excitement of reverence and do so much more effectively than plainsong.

But before I say anything more about this, I must, in all fairness, admit that when I hear Gregorian plainsong chanted in what I consider the proper manner, I feel, in addition to the excitement of reverence, the excitement that pervades my whole being whenever I come under the spell of great art. Naturally, Gregorian plainsong did not have its origin and its development in such a purely mundane purpose. Its aim was, and is, solely that type of spiritual excitement which we call religious reverence.

An Important Argument

Some will argue, of course, that in church music art at its best and finest is bound to give rise to spiritual reverence at its best and finest. But experience proves in more ways than one that they are wrong, for the world is made up of many kinds and types of individuals—with many kinds and types of taste.

Can anyone deny that in thousands of instances the gospel hymns, which, to my thinking, certainly do not represent art at its best and finest, give rise to an attitude of reverence when Gregorian plainsong fails utterly to accomplish such a purpose? Assuredly not. For this important reason one must be on guard against adopting and retaining a one-sided approach to the study of church music. One-sidedness may be wonderful balm to my ego and to yours, but it solves no problems unless there is authoritarian control. And where there *is* authoritarian control, it solves problems mainly by suppressing them.

Let us devote some attention to that school of thought which maintains that many types and degrees of emotional excitement must go into church music of the most effective kind. Those who hold to this opinion will refer you to *Psalm* 150, where we read:

> Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in His sanctuary; praise Him in the firmament of His power.
>
> Praise Him for His mighty acts; praise Him according to His excellent greatness.
>
> Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet; praise Him with the psaltery and harp.
>
> Praise Him with the timbrel and dance; praise Him with stringed instruments and organs (i.e., a kind of pan-pipes).
>
> Praise Him upon the loud cymbals; praise Him upon the high sounding cymbals.
>
> Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

(To Be Continued)

RECENT RECORDINGS

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Three Sonatas for Piano and 'Cello (A Major, Op.* 69; *C Major, Op.* 102, *No.* 1; *D Major, Op.* 102, *No.* 2). Artur Schnabel, pianist, and Pierre Fournier, 'cellist. —This is an album in RCA Victor's fine *A Treasury of Immortal Performances* series. The artistry is sterling in quality. 33 1/3 rpm. RCA Victor LCT-1124.

EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG. *Sonata No.* 3, *in C Minor, Op.* 45. FRANZ SCHUBERT. *Sonata No.* 5, *in A Major, Op.* 162 (*"Duo"*). Fritz Kreisler, violinist, and Sergei Rachmaninoff, pianist. —Another *Treasury* issue. Superb performances by two of the greatest artists of recent times. 33 1/3 rpm. RCA Victor LCT-1128.

ARNOLD SCHOENBERG. *Verklaerte Nacht (Transfigured Night), Op.* 4. RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS. *Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis.* Leopold Stokowski and his symphony orchestra. —Wonderfully realistic recording. 33 1/3 rpm. RCA Victor LM-1739.

ARTHUR HONEGGER. *Symphony No.* 5. ALBERT ROUSSEL. *Bacchus et Ariane: Ballet Suite No.* 2. MAURICE RAVEL. *Pavane for a Dead Princess.* The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Charles Munch. —Resplendently beautiful playing of music by three great craftsmen of the French school. 33 1/3 rpm. RCA Victor LM-1741.

MAURICE RAVEL. *Tzigane (Rapsodie de Concert).* ERNEST CHAUSSON. *Poeme for Violin and Orchestra, Op.* 25. Elizabeth Lockhart, violinist, with the London Symphony Orchestra under Anatole Fistoulari. ARTHUR HONEGGER. *Concertino for Piano and Orchestra.* DARIUS MILHAUD. *Concerto No.* 1, *for Piano and Orchestra.* Fabienne Jacquinot, pianist, with the Philharmonia Orchestra of London under Fistoulari.

—Brilliant and sensitive artistry on the part of the violinist and the pianist. Fine examples of the French school of composition. Excellent conducting. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E-3041.

VINCENT D'INDY. *Istar: Symphonic Variations for Orchestra, Op.* 42, *and Prelude to Act I,* from *Fervaal.* PAUL DUKAS. *La Peri: Dance Poem for Orchestra.* The Westminster Symphony Orchestra under Anatole Fistoulari. —More fine music from France. Unusually sensitive conducting. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E-3062.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. *Chaconne and Shorter Pieces for Lute, Keyboard, or Strings, Transcribed for Guitar.* Andres Segovia, guitarist. *Prelude and Fugue in A Minor ("The Great"), Prelude and Fugue in A Major, Prelude and Fugue in C Major.* Carl Weinrich, organist. Segovia is a master of the guitar. I approve heartily of the transcriptions. Weinrich is a master of the organ. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E-3015.

A NICOLAS RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF PROGRAM. *Overture to May Night, Piano Concerto in C Sharp Minor.* The Philharmonia Orchestra of London under Anatole Fistoulari. Fabienne Jacquinot is the soloist in the concerto. *Cortege des Nobles,* from *Mlada,* and *Bridal Procession,* from *LeCoq d'Or.* The London Symphony Orchestra under George Weldon. *Dance of the Birds* and *Whitsunday Festival,* from *The Snow Maiden,* and *Kamarinskaya* (orchestration after Glinka). The Philharmonia Orchestra of London under Fistoulari for the excerpts from *The Snow Maiden* and under Walter Susskind for the *Kamarinskaya.* —A recording to be treasured. Rimsky was a wizard in the art of writing for the orchestra. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E-3045.

BELA BARTOK. *For Children, Vol.* 2: *Thirty-nine Pieces on Slovakian Folk Tunes.* Menahem Pressler. — The young pianist from Israel plays these appealing pieces with outstanding skill. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E-3047.

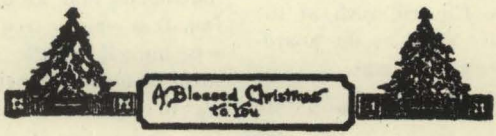
ISAAC ALBENIZ. *Iberia Suite (Evocacion, El Puerto, El Corpus en Sevilla, Triana, El Albaicin),* transcribed for orchestra by Enrique Fernandez-Arbos. JOAQUIN TURINA. *La Procesion del Rocio.* ENRIQUE GRANADOS. *Intermezzo,* from *Goyescas.* MANUEL DE FALLA. *Interlude and Danza,* from *La Vida Breve.* The London Symphony Orchestra under Gaston Poulet. —Masterful readings of authentic and colorful music from Spain. 33 1/3 rpm. M-G-M E-3073.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Symphony No.* 40, *in G Minor* (*K.* 550) and *Symphony No.* 35, *in D Major* (*K.* 385) (*"Haffner"*). The Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York under Bruno Walter. — Exemplary readings and superb recordings of these two great masterpieces. The disc is issued in honor of Walter's seventy-seventh birthday. 33 1/3 rpm. Columbia ML-4693.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Symphony No.* 9, *in D Minor, Op.* 125

(*"Choral"*) and *Symphony No. 8, in F Major, Op. 93.* The Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York under Bruno Walter. The Westminster Choir takes part in the presentation of the *Finale* of the *Ninth.* The soloists are Frances Yeend, soprano; Martha Lipton, mezzo-soprano; David Lloyd, tenor; and Mack Harrell, baritone. —The *Eighth* and the first three movements of the *Ninth* were recorded four years ago. But in this set there is a completely new recording of the *Finale* of the *Ninth.* Walter was so happy about the reading of the *Finale* as given last season in New York that he asked Columbia to record it and to issue it together with the rest of the symphony as recorded four years ago. To those who purchased the previously issued recording Columbia now offers to replace without charge the recording of the *Finale.* Walter, of course, is a master. The world of music listens with rapt attention when he sets forth the music of Beethoven. 33 1/3 rpm. Columbia SL-186.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. *St. Matthew Passion.* Willem Mengelberg conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, with Karl Erb, tenor, as the Evangelist; William Ravelli, bass, as Christ; Jo Vincent, soprano; Ilona Durigo, alto; Louis van Tulder, tenor; Herman Schey, bass; the Amsterdam *Toonkunstchor* and the Boys' Chior *"Zanglust."* Louis Zimmerman, violin; G. Blanchard, oboe d'amore; W. Peddemors, oboe de caccia; Hubert Barwahser, flute; Piet van Egmond, organ; Joh. den Hertog, cembalo. —This recording was made during an actual performance in the *Concertgebouw,* Amsterdam, on Palm Sunday, 1939. The work is sung in German. Bach enthusiasts will profit much from an acquaintance with the late Willem Mengelberg's reading of the imperishable masterwork. A booklet containing the German text and Henry S. Drinker's English version comes with the three-disc set. 33 1/3 rpm. Columbia SL-179.



THE NEW BOOKS

Unsigned reviews are by the Editors

RELIGION

TO SEE PETER

By Richard Baumann (McKay, $3.00)

This book is the work of a Lutheran Minister (a German) who made the pilgrimage to Rome during the Holy Year and the translation is by an Austrian priest. It is extremely difficult to understand how Pastor Baumann can write as he does and still remain outside of the Church of Rome. There are many of us who have admiration and respect for the Roman Church. In an age of widespread ecclesiastical disregard and clerical disrespect in Protestantism, one cannot but admire the discipline and authority of the Roman hierarchy. In a century when most denominations seem to live in a doctrinal vacuum, one cannot help but respect the positive stand that the Church of Rome takes on the many complex issues that arise—whether we agree with that stand or not. In an era of extreme bad taste in liturgy and the arts, at least some segments of the Roman Catholic Church, such as the Benedictines, have stood as the guardian of their liturgical heritage.

Pastor Baumann seems to go to great lengths to show us that the Roman Church has not only something but everything, and that leaves the rest of us with just exactly nothing. He seems to forget that Martin Luther had no desire of breaking with the Church and that at first he would stand for all of the authority and discipline of the hierarchy if only the Scriptures and evangelical preaching were restored to their rightful place. This could not be, and we know the results. All roads of separation gradually lead further and further apart so that by this time compromise is out of the question. If Pastor Baumann is thinking of reconciliation on the basis of compromises by both camps, he is laboring under a cruelly disappointing delusion and he should make up his mind just exactly where he would like to go and where he would be happiest. Translated by John M. Oesterreicher.

M. Alfred Bichsel

APOSTLES OF DISCORD

By Ralph Lord Roy (Beacon Press, $3.75)

It is unfortunate but true that there are some rather strange and unusual individuals and groups in Protestantism. It is equally true that anyone who sets himself to the task of studying them to discover whether they measure up to some basic standards of fair play and justice in their relations with the rest of Protestantism has his work cut out for him. He can be sure of

only one thing and that is that not everyone will be satisfied with his product. Mr. Roy started on this task with an academic thesis in mind and ended up with a full-fledged book on various individuals and groups who, he asserts, are promoting hate and disruption within Protestantism.

The book is divided into two principal sections. In the first, "The Ministry of Hate," Mr. Roy takes up various "Christian" sects and organizations that promote hostility toward Negroes, Jews, and Roman Catholics.

Most of this section is reserved for Gerald Winrod, Gerald L. K. Smith, Howard B. Rand, and the Ku Klux Klan, all of whom at one time or another have demonstrated outright hostility, covered with a veneer of Christianity, toward one or all of the three groups named above. Mr. Roy demonstrates, in these chapters, the real evil inherent in hate itself and the even greater evil when that hate is justified by reference to Christianity.

The most difficult chapter in this section must have been the one on hostile attacks directed toward the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. Mr. Roy takes up Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State and examines its structure and purpose and the criticisms directed against it. He concludes that POAU's future will depend on whether its reputable leadership can keep in check the less responsible element that would like to involve it in the ministry of hate. He concludes that if this can be done that POAU ". . . . may serve a useful purpose in alerting Americans against attempts by any church to gain special government favors." He is not so pleased with what he finds in Christ's Mission, Inc., The American Protestant Defense League, and the American Council of Christian Churches. Mr. Roy wisely, it would seem, points out the real danger in "Pope-baiting" by inflammatory methods without at the same time minimizing the real differences that divide the Roman Church from Protestantism. Differences that are bound in their very nature to give rise to conflicts, but differences that are not kept in focus by defamation and unjust accusation.

The larger part of the book is called "The Ministry of Disruption," and treats of organizations, sects, and individuals who are working against cooperation among Protestants by setting off divisions of Protestantism against each other by use of what Mr. Roy calls false and dishonest methods.

In introducing this section of the book, Mr. Roy equates the ecumenical movement with the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. This may well be open to question. Conceding, however, that it may be a safe equation if ecumenical is taken to mean "church-unity" in a very loose sense, it still does not follow that Protestant cooperation is either *a fortiori* desirable or necessary. Mr. Roy gives the distinct impression that he considers it both. He is joined in this opinion by a large number of thoughtful and conscientious Protestant churchmen. If, however, this is not accepted as a *truth* it still does not diminish the effectiveness of what he has to say with regard to unfair and

unsound attacks on the National Council which are motivated by reasons other than doctrinal.

He is careful to draw a line between organizations opposed in principle, on the one hand, and organizations opposed for ulterior reasons and who have resorted to such tactics as, for example, accusing the leadership of the National Council and of some of the principal denominations supporting it of being communist or communist-influenced without any fact or truth basis.

> The major groups that still have not been brought into the ecumenical movement include large reputable fundamentalist denominations, such as the Missouri Synod Lutherans and the Southern Baptists, whose interest in co-operative efforts, however, is growing; . . . . This study has not dealt extensively with any of these.

Mr. Roy examines the National Council and the organizations and individuals who have fought it in what he considers an unfair manner. He also discusses the communist influence in the churches *and* false accusations of communist influence. Reactionary economic and political influence (he calls it "libertarianism") in the churches *and* false accusations of "libertarianism" influence. The "fundamentalist" position and the "modern" position, and the heat and animosity that have grown out of this division. He also examines some disputes now raging in some of the principal denominations with regard to these issues.

This section of the *Apostles of Discord* is an extremely interesting and, at the same time, an extremely depressing portion of the book whether one agrees with Roy's basic thesis on "church-unity" or not. It outlines a power struggle that would seem to have no place in Christian organizations, and it demonstrates a woeful lack of knowledge on the part of a great many people and a great many organizations on the proper purpose and function of a church in relation to the life of this world.

The writing of this book must have been rather an ordeal for Mr. Roy (he practically admits this in his Preface) in attempting to confine himself to an objective analysis of those groups that have been disruptive in Protestantism either for the joy of being disruptive or for some evil purpose disguised as a religious one. There is room to argue with some of Mr. Roy's theses and some of his facts may turn out to be erroneous. Some of the people that he has attacked are not going to take this calmly and a rough time lies ahead both for Mr. Roy and the Beacon Press which has published this book as a part of its "Beacon Studies in Church and State." On the whole it is a significant book. Significant is a word that is often overworked in reviews, but in the sense that it means "full of meaning" it is the only appropriate adjective for this book. There is a lot of unrest and groping in Protestantism and it is probably good that this should exist. It is not good that it should be perverted for personal and malevolent ends by religiously perverted individuals with axes to grind.

Mr. Roy, in his concluding chapter, says,

> Can the forces of justice and brotherhood within Protestantism successfully defeat the bid for power of these apostles of discord? The future of the Christian faith in America will depend, in large measure, on the answer to this question.

THE MINISTER'S PERSONAL GUIDE

By Walter E. Schuette (Harper, $2.95)

In our day when there is cause for genuine alarm because of the tendency to create more and ever more executive positions among clergymen, it is comforting to read a manual that encourages the all-around pastor (parson, we formerly said). Like the old-fashioned general practitioner in medicine, this comprehensive personality is needed more than the specialist's. Here is a small but solid tool for the general phases of a public servant, presented more philosophically than in e.g. *Doran's Ministers Manual* which is issued annually.

Maturity is, in one word, the point; obviously this quality cannot be provided by the seminary or by a vicarage. To fill such a gap and to summarize ministerial ethics and etiquette this book was written by Dr. Schuette, author and editor, active in the Christian *Amt* for 65 years, during 28 of which he was District President of Lutheran Churches in Ohio and had supervision over some 200 local parishes.

But there is another advantage. The lay reader will enjoy this wise and practical counsel; it helps us to re-evaluate the mission of the spiritual shepherd and to see ourselves indirectly, too. I picked the book up to browse therein, but at once I felt compelled to read on—in one sitting! Provocative, honest, and constructive, this diagnosis treats the Gospel servant as God's workman at work, that Christ's cause be always honored. Nine major categories plus a simple index (108 items) facilitate quick reference to such topics as personal relations, appearance, habits, conduct, finances, moods, politics, humor, and behavior on sundry occasions. Opportunity like this for self-analysis of your own everyday and Sunday-best characteristics I recommend to everyone.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

RIGHT AND WRONG WAYS TO USE THE BIBLE

By J. Carter Swaim (Westminster, $2.50)

There is much that is good and important in this book. We like the author's emphasis on the necessity of understanding a Bible book, passage, chapter, or verse in the historical background and the literary context to which it belongs. *E.g.* The "world" in John 3:16 is not the same as the world in the warnings against worldliness. He reiterates the axiom: "Scripture must be judged by Scripture." He quotes Luther: "That which does not teach Christ is not apostolic, though Peter or Paul should have said it; on the other hand, that which preaches Christ would be apostolic, even if it

had come from Judas, Annas, Herod, or Pilate."

Dr. Swaim, who is Professor of New Testament Literature and Exegesis at the Western Theological Seminary, makes a strong case for the periodic necessity of revising Bible translations because the meaning of words changes and a static Bible text gradually loses its character of being in the people's vernacular.

There are some slips to which we cannot subscribe in this otherwise worth-while book. The Reformation principle of private judgment is stretched too far. If one states, "you and not anybody else or any Church is to be the arbiter for you of right and wrong," it should be remembered that there is after all objective truth and there are universal moral standards.

While the author accepts the supernatural element in the Scriptures and the divinity of Christ, we do not follow him when he writes: "It used to be held that miracles were a proof of Christ's divinity. That is not Scriptural, for both Old and New Testaments attribute miracle-working powers to evil spirits as well as to good."

Luther's supposed liberal attitude toward the inspiration of the Bible is exemplified in his strong aversion to the Book of Revelation. Luther did say in 1522: "My spirit cannot adjust itself to this book. A sufficient reason why I do not esteem it highly is that Christ is neither taught nor recognized in it, which is what an apostle ought before all things to do." But the author does not mention that in the year 1545, a year before Luther's death, he viewed the book more favorably and wrote a long introduction to it, in which he applies each chapter to past, contemporary, or future events, without, however, intending to force his understanding of the book upon anyone.

CARL A. GIESELER

THE RECOVERY OF FAMILY LIFE

By Elton and Pauline Trueblood (Harper, $1.50)

This little book sets straight a great many things about the modern family in a way in which many good Christians might themselves have done, if given the opportunity. It is both testimony and product of twenty-nine years of happy family life, the source of which has been Christian love. Professor Trueblood is the Quaker professor of philosophy and religion at Earlham College.

The basic thesis of the Truebloods is that we are accomplishing in America—*by default*—the very withering away of the family and its divorcement from the rest of life that the communists have sought *by intent*. We have "lost the sense of meaning of what a family ought to be." The true dignity of the home has been surrendered as the home became a mere "adjunct" to the school, the club, the business world. Before spouses, parents, children have forever lost the vision of their God-given callings toward one another, they must give immediate and fervent attention to "the recovery of family life." They must begin to make family concerns at least equal with other concerns.

The authors find many reasons for

the loss of family life—the unsettled nature of our times with the attendant geographical separations of family members, the delusion of "feminism" which unfits woman for her dominant role as "the good wife and mother," the loss of dignity of the role of husband and father partly accomplished through the wife's seeking employment and its income outside the home, the immoral notion on the part of youth that respect for one's elders is out of date.

As antidotes, they set forth the following ideas. The Judaeo-Christian family rests on "the notion of commitment as against mere contract"; on the fact of its "public acceptance" as against secret alliances; on "the free acceptance of a bond" as against the incompatible idea of absolute freedom. Marriage ought to be publicly recognized as woman's chief career, as her true goal must be "equality in complement." Fatherhood also must be placed on a plane equal in prestige and honor with achievements in the occupational world. Children must be given examples of reverence and devotion within the home, as spirituality is something which is only weakly communicated by Sunday School or formal instruction. The "power of expectancy" of Christian attitudes can be effective before the level of understanding begins. Children must not be made to think that they are the center of family life but ought to learn that their parents have a divine calling to each other as well.

Although the modern world has removed many formerly necessary joint activities from the home, Christian people ought to provide as many common activities within the family as possible in order to preserve a Christian sense of loving and sharing, in order to provide "an advance demonstration of the heavenly kingdom." Building a house, taking family vacations together, celebrating family events offer possibilities here.

The authors are mindful that the recovery of family life will not be easy. They therefore conclude by exhorting the Christian reader to lift his sights and try "to make his own home into a place where the Christian revolution begins, and to spread this idea to as many others as possible."

FICTION

THE FACE OF TIME

By James T. Farrell (Vanguard, $3.75)

A reviewer has no way of knowing whether or not the author of a book he has reviewed sees the review. Copies of the review are sent to the publishers but whether they are sent on or not and if sent on whether read or not usually remains an unknown factor. It would be a safe assumption that the author does examine some of them. The Literary Editor of the CRESSET does not, however, indulge himself.

In the January, 1953, issue of the CRESSET, in a review of James T. Farrell's then latest book, *Yet Other Waters* (Vanguard), the Literary Editor said:

> Anyone who has read the *Studs Lonigan* trilogy and the *Danny O'Neill* tetralogy will find a great

deal of the familiar in *Yet Other Waters.* Unfortunately, it is a tired familiarity as though Farrell himself were a little weary of it all. Yet there is still a certain strength and warmth in Farrell's characters and in his writing. His south Chicago Irish families have a note of authenticity which is sometimes lacking when he moves them into less provincial settings. Perhaps if Mr. Farrell could write a really great novel about this family—which has shown up in so much of his writing—he could free himself from its great hold on him.

Mr. Farrell has, in *The Face of Time,* now written another book about this family. He has made a prophet of the Literary Editor, but not a very good one.

The Face of Time antedates the *Danny O'Neill* tetralogy in that it starts with Danny as a very small child living with his grandparents, aunts, and an uncle in the grandparental home in Chicago. His own parents hover in the background as a result of their own poverty and Danny's grandmother's determination to raise the boy herself.

Here is the same tired familiarity with the same touches of warmth in some of the characters. The adjustments of an Irish family to the American way of life in the early part of the Twentieth Century have pretty well been mined, by Mr. Farrell himself in his earlier works, and it was a mistake to think he could go home again. A mistake that Mr. Farrell and the Literary Editor of this magazine share.

THE LIE

By Peggy Goodin (Dutton, $3.00)

The Lie is a sketchy and slightly superficial account of how an average, middle-class family handled the problem of an illegitimate child. The unwed mother, Kate, refused to part with her child. Her parents moved to another community and introduced the child, Jennie, as their own. The rest of the story is concerned with the antagonism that Jennie feels toward her "older sister," and Kate's growing cynicism and anti-social attitudes as a result of being rebuffed by her daughter.

The characters are not clearly drawn and much must be inferred by the reader. That Kate almost becomes neurotic in her possessiveness and overprotectiveness for her daughter is, if not apparent, at least indicated. Jennie makes no pretense of her resentment towards what she considers unwarranted interference from her "sister." Kate is shown as desperately in need of affection from her daughter but her own personality prevents her from receiving it. She vacillates between being over-indulgent and hyper-critical of Jennie.

The wisdom of Kate's decision to keep her child and to rear her as a younger sister is open to question. Jennie appeared as a normal teenager but Kate became bitter and frustrated. The conclusion is unrealistic and improbable, but sufficiently happy to make Kate's sacrifice appear to have been worth-while.

LYDA PALMER

PARADISE BAY

By John Guthrie (Wyn, $3.00)

Mr. Guthrie, who lives in London and has published several novels in England that have not been published in this country, has now sent us the second of his books to reach our shores. It is a welcome visitor. Mr. Guthrie is originally from New Zealand and he has written a very human story of the coming of age of two boys in a community there some twenty-five years ago.

His story of the two boys and their love for the same girl is laid against a background of a town planning an elaborate pageant to celebrate its seventy-fifth anniversary. The staging of this pageant with some unforeseen participants and events and its effect on the local townspeople provides some real humor—so missing these tense days—and Mr. Guthrie's eye for local color is really quite fine. He makes *his* "Paradise Bay" sound like a true paradise. More important, he has a good insight into the strange transition whereby a boy becomes a man, and he has done an exceptionally good job of telling about the occurrence of that event.

THE LADY OF ARLINGTON

By Harnett T. Kane (Doubleday, $3.50)

Harnett Kane, biographer of women (usually Southern it seems), has now produced another novel—less historical than romantic—the life of Mary Custis Lee. Mrs. Robert E. Lee is portrayed as a loving wife, possessed with all Christian virtues, enduring with serenity the numerous trials and tribulations which beset the life of her family during the War Between the States and the Reconstruction Period which followed. The Lee's marriage is drawn as a close, harmonious one; and in General Lee's success, Kane gives due credit to the courageous spirit of Mary Lee.

In this reviewer's opinion, the author has developed his background and period more convincingly and sympathetically than his characters. One sees the last days of the Old South, feels the agony which was America's during the war, but the people, including Mary Lee, move mechanically on an external level.

Kane claims four years of intensive research into endless sources of Lee family data and includes a scholarly bibliography of nearly 200 titles at the close of the book; but he has failed to use these challenging resources. *The Lady of Arlington* is pleasant reading, warm, sympathetic. Although the characters never come to life, this could be a contemporary American family caught in the drama of national emergency: sons off to war, husband with the Armed Forces, wife following husband wherever he happens to be stationed. Homemakers will doubtless see in the Lee family facets of their own family living, and may gain enjoyment and possibly inspiration through a glimpse of this Lady of Arlington.

H. MARGARET JORDAN

THE YOUNG PEOPLE

By Gertrude Schweitzer (Crowell, $3.50)

Here is another voice crying amen to the seemingly irrefutable conclusion that youth today is strangely unrebellious, shockingly conventional, and aspiring to no more than security in the suburbs. For a summary of Mrs. Schweitzer's thesis, please refer to *Time* magazine's much-discussed report on "The Younger Generation," November 5, 1951. The novel and article tally closely.

Embellishing her theme with a plot involving "Flaming Twenties" parents and "Silent Fifties" offspring, the author is able to draw a fine pencil line between the two generations. Her story will also soften the *Time* report by reminding elderly readers (over 28, that is) that love still casts its unsettling spell, even over today's staid children.

The idea behind *The Young People* is thoughtful, the writing competent, and the plot tolerable.

ROBERTA DONSBACH

ABRAHAM'S WIFE

By Francis J. Thompson (Vanguard, $3.00)

Francis Thompson's story of a one-time African slave and his wife has as its setting a town in Florida at the time of the Cuban War of Independence. Two themes characterize this tale: the actual struggle of the Cuban people and their leaders, and the lives of Abraham and his child-less white wife, Sarita.

Mr. Thompson spent many years of study in Cuba and consequently has a wealth of information at his disposal. Unfortunately, however, he did not succeed in presenting his material clearly, for the entire narrative is extremely disorganized and confusing. In the midst of this confusion are woven the problems of Abraham and Sarita, a story which bears little relation to the Cuban War. In this phase of his novel Mr. Thompson attempts to parallel the Biblical story of Abraham, Sarah, Hagar, and Ishmael—a comparison which proves interesting but not too convincing.

MIRIAM E. KUSSROW

THE SANDS OF KARAKORUM

By James Ramsey Ullman (Lippincott, $3.50)

This story begins in Shanghai in June 1950, and it ends, if it can be said to end at all, many months later in the Gobi Desert. An American correspondent, Frank Knight, slips behind the Bamboo Curtain to find his American missionary friends, John and Eleanor Bickel, who did not return from the inner provinces of China with other missionaries forced out by the Red regime. His search is complicated, in part, by travel difficulties in this area, but even more so by the fact that the Bickels are on a search of their own, though for something much more illusive. When Knight finally catches up with his friends, he gets involved with their search. From this point on, the novel becomes a mystical fable set in the wastelands of Mongolia.

Both the strong and the weak points of James Ullman's previous novel, *The White Tower,* are repeated in his latest book. Both are highly symbolical. In the former, mountain climbing symbolized the striving for a goal in life, and in this novel, the search across the sands of the Gobi Desert symbolizes the seeking for a new faith. Too frequently, the symbolism gets in the way of the characterization, and, unfortunately, the author's philosophy is often fuzzy, which prevents the symbolism from being effective. But on the credit side, Ullman has written a fascinating tory with sustained suspense and a haunting ending.

GENERAL

FIRE IN THE ASHES

By Theodore H. White (Sloane, $5.00)

Theodore H. White's *Fire in the Ashes* is a vivid, realistic portrayal of the contemporary European scene. The author successfully presents the domestic situation in three leading countries: Britain, France, and Western Germany. While he remains the foreign observer, he is at great pains to report on each of his subjects within its own frame of reference. The results are sketches that strike one as wholly authentic, composed of both the black and the white, neither repelling nor enchanting, but giving a sense of adult introduction to lands quite as needful of self-disciplined understanding as our own.

In the case of each nation, White adds the personal story of one individual who, while not typical, yet abundantly illustrates the motives and the problems of his countrymen. For England, there is Joe Curry, one-time coal miner, then government official struggling with the problem of labor absenteeism. For France: Pierre Bertaux, professor of German literature, resistance leader, and post-war head of national police, chief architect of the strategy to suppress communist-inspired violence. And for Germany: Willi Schlieker, bright young czar of wartime materials allocation, subsequently victim of denazification, and now builder of a new private steel empire.

White's description of Europe by areas fits into the broader background of the drama of American rehabilitation of Europe via the Marshall Plan. Here too the author conscientiously presents a genuinely human account—of well-meaning and generally intelligent leadership, of intoxicating enthusiasm for a grand design, of confusion, and of mistaken policies. But he leaves the reader in no doubt that the Marshall Plan saved Europe from economic disaster—an event that might well have spelled the loss of Europe to the communist world.

True to his balanced picture of Europe today, White leaves the reader with no one-sided prospect of hope or despair for the future. A substantial beginning has been made in the direction of European cooperation. But national rivalries have not been overcome. Their continued existence may one day destroy all that has been achieved toward a united Europe. De-

spite economic recovery, Europe is more than ever dependent upon exporting her wares in order to obtain the funds to purchase abroad (especially in America) the essentials of modern living. It is not the lack of technical know-how that restricts successful competitive production by Europeans, but the heavy hand of complacency in leadership. No one can say whether this obstacle will ever be overcome.

White finds that Europe and America are not at present militarily threatened by the Soviet Union. Quoting figures on Russian forces in Eastern Germany, he maintains in fact that we never were in serious jeopardy. The real communist menace in the future, he points out, may well come from an emphasis on the production of consumer commodities in the Soviet Union. Such a change of policy would enable the U.S.S.R. to dump goods cheaply on the world market with a two-fold aim: to win the friendship of backward peoples and to create chaos in a western Europe which would find itself unable to lower its costs of production in order to meet the Russian competition.

MARTIN H. SCHAEFER

FREEDOM'S FAITH

By Clarence B. Randall (Little, Brown, $3.00)

In his previous book, *A Creed for Free Enterprise,* Mr. Randall, retired industrialist turned statesman, voiced his faith in the American free enterprise system. Believing that the American people once more are ready to look to businessmen for leadership, he now attempts to state the philosophy he believes a businessman must hold to meet this challenge.

Although not a literary masterpiece, *Freedom's Faith* is a straightforward statement of the social responsibilities of an individual in a free society. The author warns against abuses of the free enterprise privilege, admitting that management restraints on free competition still endanger the system, but pointing with special emphasis to the dangers inherent in the abuses resulting from the monopolistic powers of leaders in organized labor.

Mr. Randall believes that business leadership is more and more coming to accept a high sense of social responsibility. He states unequivocally that the only force which will cause individuals to accept willingly their obligations to others is religion, and that without education in morality in both the home and the church, a free system will not survive. He emphasizes that the church must be the "keeper of the nation's conscience" and not the "giver of the nation's answers." Wherever the church makes "social action" the basis for its program, Mr. Randall indicts it for failure to fulfill its true religious and social function.

AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONAL CUSTOM

By Burleigh Cushing Rodick (Philosophical Library, $4.75)

This is a short, sometimes concise and readable, recital of the part habit, custom, and tradition played in the construction of the American constitu-

tional system from the times of the colonial founders to the election of Jefferson. Rodick is correct in pointing out that the American political system does "bear the imprint of an earlier European tradition." Nor does he falsify history by asserting that the American Constitution was also a child of native influences. According to the author's view, however, constitutional interpretation did not begin to be "more definitely indigenous to the American climate and soil" until after 1800 and the rise of the American common man.

This is certainly not a new analysis though, as the sub-title claims, it might have been a forgotten factor. It is fair to say, however, that some scholars have not forgotten Rodick's thesis. Nevertheless, he has marshaled a commendable body of facts and events to revive the memories of all scholars. Moreover, he aspires to a broad social science treatment of a narrow political subject. In that respect, he has dared to follow what seems now to be a modern trend.

OUR WILL ROGERS

By Homer Croy (Duell, Sloan and Pearce: Little, Brown, $3.75)

The position that will be ultimately assigned to Will Rogers by historians and students of the current scene has not as yet been established. It will probably not be a very important one, and it may turn out that he has no position at all. Homer Croy, an old friend, has written an informal account of Rogers' life, and though this rather obviously started out as a labor of love it has some overtones at the end that would indicate that even Croy isn't too sure of the importance of his subject.

It is written in an informal style that reflects, I suppose, something of Rogers himself and his casualness. It takes him through his early days, his schooling, his stage career with Ziegfeld, his motion-picture days, and recounts in some detail his last airplane ride with Wiley Post—a ride that ended in the death of both of them in Alaska.

At no point in this book does Mr. Croy attempt any real analysis of Rogers or of his beliefs, or ideals, or thoughts, or philosophy. There are many people still living who remember Rogers as a vaudeville and motion-picture actor, and many others who remember him principally as a commentator on the American life of the period. It would have been more profitable and more interesting, in view of the fact that the second facet of Rogers' life is the one that stands the best chance of surviving, if Croy had attempted to discover whether Rogers was a reflection of a vacuous period in the development of the American culture, or whether he himself was a satirical, acute observer of the American scene. Some of Mr. Croy's evidence would seem to ndicate that it was the former.

HELEN GOULD WAS MY MOTHER-IN-LAW

By Celeste Andrews Seton as told to Clark Andrews (Crowell, $4.00)

Mrs. Seton married an adopted son

of Mr. and Mrs. Finley Shepard and by this act acquired as a mother-in-law the eldest daughter of the late Jay Gould. In this delightful book Mrs. Seton describes Helen Gould Shepard and tells what it was like to be in that family. What is was like was to step back into the preceding century and examine the Victorian age, in its best aspect, as it existed in the United States. Pietism, gentility, graciousness, *noblesse oblige* were the order of the day in this family.

If Mrs. Shepard's father represented the worst in the economic pattern of the ending of that tragic century, certainly his daughter represented the finest in the cultural and moral pattern. Today we would all agree that Helen Gould was "old-fashioned" and "out of date" and in truth she was, but she did hold to some rather simple truths and standards that have never been more needed than at the present. Much of the world gave them up as the Twentieth Century developed. Not because they were not valid, they were. But because they did not solve every problem of life it was assumed that therefore they would solve none.

It is rather paradoxical that Helen Gould's father helped to create an era that had in it the seeds of destruction of the very values his family was taught to cherish.

Mrs. Seton told this memory of her mother-in-law to Clark Andrews and I do not know who should get the credit for the really fine character study that resulted. I suspect it should be divided half to Mrs. Seton for understanding and loving her mother-in-law and accepting her as she found her, and the other half to Mr. Andrews for his accurate description of the object of this love and understanding.

THOSE WONDERFUL OLD AUTOMOBILES

By Floyd Clymer (McGraw-Hill, $5.95)

The last few years has witnessed a really phenomenal growth of interest in some of the early American automobiles. Only a few can afford the expense of owning and maintaining these *modern* antiques, but a great many people have received a large amount of enjoyment out of looking at them in museums, reading about them, or using pictorial reproductions of them for purposes of decoration. It has all been great fun and has appealed not only to those who remember these early cars, but even to a generation that could not have known much about automobiles prior to the mid-Thirties.

This newest book is complete with photographs (over 500), descriptions, copies of old advertisements, jokes, and songs that help to capture the nostalgic mood. This would make a fine Christmas present for the man in the family because all will enjoy brousing through it. The older generation will find many names of autos now gone that may start reminiscences flowing that will last for hours. The younger generation, if it is of scientific bent, will be rather surprised to discover, as Mr. Clymer points out in several places, that there is really nothing new in the auto world, and that many of

today's "improvements" were being used, albeit in a somewhat cruder form, a good many years ago. Of particular interest is the section of the book that traces the history of the "Survivors."

DIE ALLERSCHONSTE LENGEVITCH

By K. M. S. (Crown, $3.00)

"Die Schonste Lengevitch mit Gemixte Pickles und Limberger Lyrics zusammen downgeboilt, und plenty geseasont mit Additions von Neugehatchter Nonsense" is the sub-title of this newest contribution to delightful nonsense by K. M. S. If you once owned a copy of "Die schonste Lengevitch" and "Gemixte Pickles" as did I, only to have had them permanently borrowed by someone whose name you can't even remember (In my case it was a student at Bronxville, N.Y.), and then tried to buy another copy of each only to discover that both were out of print, you will welcome this new publication.

Old favorites from the previous works still appear, such as "Der arme Fido" and that zany paraphrase of the *Erlkonig* called "Das Picnic." Included also are his idiotically scrambled retellings of such operas as "Lohengrin" and "Samson and Delilah." In addition there are some forty new poems, including some that are written in what K. M. S. calls "pure English."

For those who have never read K. M. S. here is a sample:

SO-NET ZU MEI READERS

"Wen ich suckseeded hab a shmile zu raiseh
Auf Grund wo formerly zu trocken war,
Fuhl ich so happy als wen auf der Car
Bei'm Morning Rush a Seat war frei gewese'.
Drum tut mich auch kei Kritizism fezeh:
Ich heis' net Keats or Heine, das iss klaar.
'S mach ennyhow kei difference in a Jah
Tut man mei Ferses knocke oder praiseh.
Ich hoff dass Schmiles wo ich gesowed hab, bleibe',
Zum starken Habit wachse', und die Blues
Und Grouches ganz for gut und all vertreibe'.
Dem Devil, even handed man sei Dues.
So, wenn ich auch nur Foolishness tu schreibe,
Hab ich doch ennyhow a gut Exhugs."

M. ALFRED BICHSEL

THE BEST HUMOR FROM PUNCH

Edited by William Cole (World, $3.50)

A wise man has observed that Americans and Englishmen are two nationalities divided by a common language. In no area, probably, is this more true than in the area of humor. This is partly because so much humor is topical (who would find anything funny in Jack Benny's claiming to be 39 years old if he did not know that Benny is well past the 50 mark?), but it is also partly because the humor of

a people, like the bouquet of a wine, arises out of the very nature of a people. Subtle differences in national characteristics produce subtle differences in national humor and since the best humor is itself a very subtle thing it does not thrive outside the group that gave it birth.

This lengthy introduction is necessary to set in proper focus the debt of gratitude we owe to Mr. Cole for having gone through *Punch* and having taken from it a really priceless collection of humorous prose and verse which, while thoroughly British in style and origins, is yet intelligible to Americans. We will venture a guess that faithful English readers of *Punch* will object that this is not the best that has appeared in the magazine because, by the best, they would mean the writing which Englishmen themselves, within the context of their own most distinctive humorous outlook, find uproariously funny. But that would be the untransplantable humor. What we have in this collection is the hardiest English humor, the kind that is as funny on one side of the ocean as on the other.

There is no bad writing in this collection, nor is there anything unfunny. But two of the selections simply must have been read before a man can say that he has lived life fully and lived it whole. One is the spoof by Mr. G. H.M. Nichols, cast in the form of an interview with a laconic Midlands countryman who was, presumably, the subject of the painting and of Markham's poem, "The Man With the Hoe." This is the funniest thing this reviewer has read in a decade, the works of Stephen Potter not excluded. And the other particularly good piece is a business by T. S. Watt, entitled "Noel, Noel," wherein we find the officers of a branch bank setting in motion wheels to implement a home office directive respecting the observance of a Christmas Good Will Week during which "customers at all of our branches will be received in a spirit of hearty and boisterous good fellowship in keeping with the season."

THELMA

By Dean and Walter Nielsen (Pageant, $3.00)

Thelma should be a very comforting and heartwarming book for those readers who insist that good and evil be clearly drawn and that good shall always triumph. This is supposedly the factual account of Thelma, a teen-age delinquent whose father "kindnaps" her and leads her into a life of misfortune. During the course of the book the father is guilty of murder, rape, larceny, consorting with prostitutes, drunkenness, wife and child beating, assault, incest, adultery, and possibly bigamy. Thelma's life is traced through a series of homes, beginning with her natural parents, her mother and a stepfather, her father and two stepmothers, her father and a mistress, two foster homes, an institution for delinquent girls and a short stay in jail.

She is subjected to cruel beatings, malicious gossip, attempts to lure her into prostitution and homosexuality. When she is well-treated, she shows herself to be a well-behaved, gentle,

kind girl. When the treatment accorded her is less desirable, she becomes unruly. Despite her sordid background, her chief failing is a childish lack of judgment which causes her unnecessary trouble from which she is rescued in melodramatic fashion. She resolves to correct this defect and her fortunes take a turn for the better. At the conclusion of the story the reader is led to believe that all will be well with Thelma in the future. The authors of this amazing narrative have apparently had wide experience with delinquents and wish to demonstrate that delinquents are not really bad but are the victims of unfortunate circumstances. When given understanding and affection, the teen-age delinquent can be rehabilitated and led into a more normal life.

LYDA PALMER

MADELEINE GROWN UP

Mrs. Robert Henrey (Dutton, $4.00)

This second volume of the trilogy Mrs. Henrey is writing about herself deals with her experiences as a manicurist at the Hotel Savoy in London and how she met the man we presume to be Mr. Henrey. We suppose their marriage, like cake, is being saved for the last. Madeleine rubs elbows with many characters at the Savoy, a few distinguished, most common. It seems as if Madeleine all grown up is not as fetching as the Little Madeleine who warmed the streets of Paris, a city many people claim has more charm than London. Mrs. Henrey does write well in detailing life in Soho, but she tries too hard to fill enough pages to make a book. The result, as usually happens in such writing, is hodge-podge and boring dialogue between people the reader doesn't care about. Perhaps the third book will be the charm.

ANNE LANGE

THE NURSING MOTHER

By Dr. Frank H. Richardson (Prentice-Hall, $2.95)

Here Dr. Richardson has given to new mothers a helpful guide to the management of breast-feeding. Beginning with a presentation of convincing facts and figures proving the benefits of the natural method of infant feeding, he proceeds to explain and demonstrate the attitudes and techniques necessary for successful breast-feeding. It is a pity that in our generation the tensions of daily living and, I'm sorry to say, the attitudes of many hospital officials too often discourage any attempts at breast-feeding. Dr. Richardson's advice will, therefore, be valuable also during pregnancy—as an aid in the mental preparation of the new and inexperienced mother.

The book is written for the *average* mother, and consequently tends to be rather repetitious. The author does not intend that his advice be used as the sole guide during the nursing period, for as he repeatedly states, the mother's own doctor should always be consulted if any questions arise.

MIRIAM E. KUSSROW

BELLES - LETTRES

EUROPEAN LITERATURE AND THE LATIN MIDDLE AGES

By Ernst Robert Curtius (Bollingen Series, Pantheon, $5.50)

Lovers of literature will welcome the English translation of the author's magnificent book first published five years ago in the German language. In giving us the fruits of his rigorous studies that extended over a period of sixteen years, the length of time devoted to the preparation of his book, Mr. Curtius, whose *Hauptfach* is the philology of the Romance languages, posits the thesis that the literature of Greece and of Rome, of the Latin Middle Ages, and of Western Europe as found in the later vernacular languages, including English, is one in time and space and must therefore be studied comprehensively and as a unit, if it is to be understood fully and interpreted correctly. Though he readily admits the enormous demands of such a task, and as indication thereof quotes Virgil's famous phrase, *"Hoc opus, hic labor est,"* Mr. Curtius nevertheless emphasizes that its accomplishment is by no means impossible and further insists that students of modern philology cannot ignore or minimize the Latin tradition as they have done heretofore, if they would become true masters of their profession.

We are thereupon introduced to a large number of ideas, topics or themes which Mr. Curtius traces from their beginnings in Homer down through the Middle Ages as far as Dante. Included in the discussions, however, are many illustrative citations drawn from writers of more modern times, among whom Shakespeare, Goethe, and T. S. Eliot are conspicuous. In all there are eighteen chapters, which consider closely such subjects as the liberal arts, poetry and philosophy, poetry and theology, and "classicism"; these chapters are followed by twenty-five shorter, more specialized studies, which in turn are succeeded by an appendix containing an article on the medieval bases of Western thought. The author has furthermore documented his book richly with footnotes, and he has also provided an excellent bibliography as well as a full *index locorum.*

It would be only fair to warn the reader at the outset, however, that Mr. Curtius has made no attempt to determine or appraise the general influence that a writer may have exerted upon his successors. Such an estimate to be sure would serve as a neat summary in every instance and at the same time lend greater coherence to the continuity of the book as a whole. Instead, Mr. Curtius marshals before us example after example revealing imitation of a specific nature. And here too the author, as he freely admits, is not always able to distinguish between artificial imitation and genuine feeling. Yet it is through his numerous illustrations that Mr. Curtius has made his greatest contribution, so that he has most certainly earned the gratitude of scholars interested in enlarging upon subjects for study indicated by his findings, the location of many a choice nugget being pointed out by him which would require merely toil

and effort to be mined. To cite only one of the more ambitious studies suggested, there has yet to be presented a comprehensive and unified account of Western culture from Charlemagne to Dante, a project which the scholar Carl Erdman was prevented from essaying at least in part by his late and lamentable death (p. 388). The fact is that the extremely vast field of the Latin Middle Ages has as yet remained largely unexplored, for authors in very many cases have been either entirely neglected or important aspects of their works left uninvestigated.

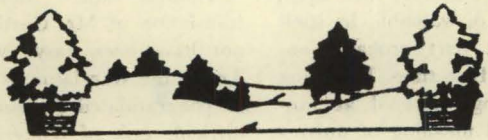
The educated lay reader, for whom Mr. Curtius has written even more than for the professional (p. viii), will derive particular satisfaction from the wealth of cultural and intellectual detail scattered throughout the book, matter interesting or valuable in itself and for the most part probably encountered for the first time. Following are a few gleanings selected at random: The original meaning of university as the corporation of students and teachers and not the sum total of disciplines (p. 54); the statement that all study of Latin literature from Virgil's death to the time of Goethe began with the *First Eclogue* (p. 190); the information that in the reign of Diocletian mining engineers were called philosophers (p. 209); the fanciful attempts made by patristic writers to convert classical philosophers and poets into witnesses or prophets of Christian revelation (p. 212), or their opposite and equally unfounded claim that the same Greek poets and sages used the books of the *Old Testament* for their own writings (p. 219); the observation that the life-span of man was set at 120 years as early as Cicero (p. 253); the discovery that the word "modern" (*modernus*) was coined with its present-day meaning as far back as the sixth century of our er a(p. 254); the author's canonical distinction between "Ideal Classicism" and "Standard Classicism" (p. 274); the characterization of the controversial Biblical verse commencing "Thou art Peter. . ." (Matth. 16:18) by a Spanish author of the seventeenth century as a "divine subtlety" (p. 300); the epigrammatic description on stone of a library that may well be regarded as the most beautiful yet composed (p. 306); the author's reasoned conclusion that Dante's Beatrice is the creation of the poet's fancy (p. 377).

Though logical and merited, the translation of Mr. Curtius' book could not have been easy. Mr. Willard R. Trask, the translator, is accordingly to be congratulated for succeeding in the difficult task of rendering into idiomatic English a German text replete with technical compound-words whose formation, though well suited to the genius of the German language, is quite uncongenial to the spirit of our own. Jargon in consequence has been happily reduced to a minimum. However, of the many literary passages quoted for the purpose of illustration a goodly number has unfortunately been left untranslated. In his Introductory Note the translator pleads inability in defense of the omissions. Whatever the validity of the plea (*Non omnia possumus omnes*), the reader without a knowledge of foreign languages, for whom surely the trans-

lation is intended, will regret the presence of the quotations in their untranslated form, especially in view of the uniformly felicitous versions of the translated passages.

There still remains for Mr. Curtius the tremendous project of continuing his investigations from Dante through the Modern Period and publishing the results in a second volume. This Mr. Curtius has promised to undertake. We shall anticipate the sequel with pleasure.

EDGAR C. REINKE



A Minority Report

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

Preachers and Preaching

My oldest boy is a great guy. Nevertheless, he has become a bit embarrassing. He has arrived at the gadfly age. As the two-and--one-half year old gadfly, he simply doesn't take anything on its face value out of the conversation of his father and mother. He hasn't arrived at the stage of questioning the truth of what we say though pioneers in the field say that there is also the "I don't believe it" stage. Right now he'd just like to know and to understand what we are talking about. Other parents will know these questions that demand definitions: what is that? why is that? what are you doing that for? what are you talking about? All day long fathers and mothers try to re-define in the vocabulary of the child what they are talking about. This is especially good for fathers and mothers although we all appreciate the truth of the axiom, "Children must be seen, not heard." After two or three youngsters have arrived in the household, parents will know better what parents are talking about.

A typical example took place the other morning before mother greeted the dawn. I was forced to take the chair. At the time, I was using a pencil for the purposes of writing as anyone plainly knows. Why should this fact involve me in a philosophical discussion? But my undaunted child wanted to know, "What is that?" I replied: "That is a pencil!" An emphatic answer, right or wrong, sometimes shuts off the argumant among adults. He repeated the refrain: "Why?"

I then tried the compare-contrast gimmick which sometimes works in the class-room: "A pencil is a pencil because it isn't a table." With a *so-what* look on his face, he then wanted to know why a pencil is a pencil and not a table. That certainly did not end the matter. I have a haunting feeling that one of these days he'll begin to question my right to teach others—if I can't even tell him why a pencil is a pencil. Of course, when he grows up beyond the baby-talk stage, he'll be able to use the stereotypes of adults, to throw off a few comments like "the blind leading the blind" and "who checks the checker," and then—having used the stereotypes—to quit thinking about the matter.

An incident with related implications involved the boy's godfather, one of our associates on *The Cresset*. He had just finished reading a particularly good and profound essay on his interpretation of his church to a particularly competent and inquiring northern Indiana pastoral conference. During the resulting discussion, a questioner asked, "As a layman you hear our constituents talk about preachers and preaching. What are they saying? "What," continued the preacher to the layman, "is your basic criticism of modern preachers and preaching?" Now such a question gives one the uncomfortable itch to move to the nearest exit. But one exit was closed off by the Ladies Aid which had just filled the preachers with food to fit the taste of kings. The essayist didn't have that much courage. The other exit was closed off by his audience, the preachers. Courage or no courage, he's no two hundred plus full-back.

Therefore, there was nothing else to do but answer the question. The layman answered with a quickness that indicated he'd been doing some thinking on the subject before he became involved in this question-answer period. He suggested that the pastors should continue to speak with authority of Scripture and their individual faith rather than become little Dale Carnegies leading people to heaven with a resounding pat on the back. The church, you see, is not a projection of an American service club and the pastor is not a tail-twister. To speak with more authority means also that what you say with authority must be related to the everyday routine of living and to the cultural pattern in which we live. He also said that, because of the lack of reference to modern patterns, many sermons might just as well

have been preached in the sixteenth century. The manner in which these pastors of northern Indiana and Ohio parishes discussed these topics re-kindled my faith in the clergy.

And like his god-son, the layman wanted the clergy to redefine the profound theological concepts of our heritage in the words of the grocer who pushes the week's groceries at our wives each Friday or Saturday. A subtle hint was present: maybe we preachers ought to look to the words we use a little more. As our associate indicated, all of us are in a constant round of old and shop-worn phrases. Take, for example, the central doctrine of our heritage, the doctrine of justification by faith. The phrase is used almost every time Christians get together. It calls forth pleasant emotional responses. In some cases, it's about the first phrase with reference to our religious life that was ever heard. We heard it from our fathers and mothers, our pastors, our teachers, our sponsors, and our professors. We sing about it, we pray about it, we preach about it. But what does it really mean? I wonder how many parishioners are saying deep down in their hearts or among themselves: what is that, justification by faith? why is that? what are you talking about? why are you talking about it? Try this on your neighbors in the community. I think you'll be surprised.

In the very process of re-explaining such words that we take for granted, we'll have to use the words and phrases the people of 1953 are u s i n g. Furthermore, it will be necessary for us to go back to the text and to a profoundly thorough study of Scripture. Merely to substitute a new word or explanation for the old is not the answer. In order to have the right new word, the preacher must in every instance have an extensive knowledge of the old meaning he wishes to communicate. Moreover, the very struggle to use the right new words to convey the traditional meaning will force pastors to establish the Meaning of the Gospel to the facts, forces, and facets of the twentieth century. To accomplish this, I think, we need more gadflies and not more commissions for the investigation of heresies. What we need, it seems to me, is a whole host of inquiring children and parishioners. What *are* we talking about?

Political Cliches

Several weeks ago, representatives of the Democratic organization met in my part of the na-

tion. It was an optimistic meeting in view of the fact that Democrats had some reason to interpret political news in their favor. It was an interesting meeting in view of the fact that a national committeeman, a state chairman, a county chairman, and a college professor of government all addressed the meeting. The speeches did not bore. To say the least, listening was like drinking a combination of beer, wine, gin, and champagne. With the exception of the address by the college professor, a good portion of the speeches dealt in glittering generalities. The three other speakers, no doubt, did not realize this but some others listening did. In fact, a young Democrat made the following statement during the course of the resulting discussion: "It seems to me that it is time for the Democratic Party to discard the old slogans and cliches and to embark upon a new program, at least to use some new words." The college professor who spoke that evening smiled with a knowing smile. He should have: his methods of class-room instruction had set the stage for such a statement. The other three smiled weak smiles.

Many Democrats, particularly young Democrats, are saying similar things. One of the old slogans, sometimes embarrasingly boring, is that the Democratic Party of FDR saved us from depression. To a large extent, this is true. The young Democrats, however, haven't experienced a depression, far from it. They aren't satisfied to continue the campaign of the thirties even though they admire Franklin D. Roosevelt very much. They aren't satisfied simply to run against Hoover. Many young Democrats want to know in what respect the party of 1953 is going to prevent depression or to stabilize the economy. Nor are some of these thinking Democrats completely clear on what is meant when a national committeeman refers to the Democratic Party as the party of freedom. Some of them have a vague recollection of Southern Democrats. They are also willing to concede that members of the GOP love freedom. For every McCarthy, honest Democrats will admit, there is a Jimmy Byrnes. And I suppose many of you recall the address of Harry S. Truman referring to the Democratic Party as the party of the poor and common man while Harriman and Symington applauded loudly and madly behind him on the stage.

The Republicans of 1953 are also masters of the cliche. "If the Democrats are elected," ran the

campaign talk, "the country will be pushed into war. Look how Truman got us involved in Korea." Yet—not many weeks ago, Vice-President Nixon stated publicly that Harry Truman could not have done anything else except to move into Korea. "Truman and the Democrats are the manipulators of appeasement," said others, "look, they'll want to recognize Communist China one of these days." Several weeks ago, Secretary of State Dulles seemed willing to recognize Communist China. During the campaign, this same Dulles was suggesting and intimating very strongly that the foreign policy of the Democratic Party was for the birds. When a Senator from one of our mid-western states referred to a speech of his several years ago in which he praised the bi-partisan foreign policy of the Truman administration, Dulles was forced to admit that his posture in the campaign could not be the same as his posture after an election victory. The Republicans have used the anti-welfare state angle as campaign talk even though Ike promised the farmers 100 percent parity, established the first department of health, education, and welfare, and even though Mr. Republican advocated federal housing measures. Since November fourth, 1952, they have learned that they can't veto the twentieth century.

But to keep me humble—several of my colleagues have suggested that I re-read some of my old columns. I have. They are full of glittering generalities. This cannot be suggested as an excuse for preachers and politicians. It simply proves that I have been as guilty as they. I stand corrected. My children will see to that. So, now, why is a pencil a pencil—and not a table?

THE MOTION PICTURE

By Anne Hansen

The October issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* carried a sixty-four page supplement titled *Perspective of India.* This is the first of a series of supplements which *The Atlantic* will devote "to the contemporary culture of countries whose achievement is little known to readers in the United States." The material for these surveys will be assembled by Intercultural Publications, Inc., a nonprofit organization established in 1952 by the Ford Foundation.

Perspective of India covers a wide field. All the branches of the arts are discussed, examined, and evaluated. I was particularly interested in the chapter titled *The Indian Film,* written by Donald Thomas, who is an assistant editor of *The Times of India* and one of the editors of *Filmfare,* in collaboration with Harish Kumar Mehra, a staff writer for *Filmfare* and a contributor to a number of other Indian publications.

The motion picture has had a phenomenal growth in India. From a small, inauspicious beginning in 1913 it has become the second-largest film industry in the world—outstripped only by our own gigantic motion-picture industry. India has more than 2,000 movie houses, in which 600,000,000 persons see 200 releases each year. The earnings of the film companies are more than double the total income of all the newspapers and publishing houses of the nation. The authors of *The Indian Film* declare that "the film is unquestionably India's most powerful medium of mass communication —a fact which cannot be overlooked, no matter how disconcerting it may be to writers and artists."

The Indian films differ greatly from those produced in the United States. They are very long. They move slowly. The emphasis is upon the spoken word rather than on action and visual effect. After all, "Indian films are produced for a people steeped in a tradition of long and patient endurance." Censorship is rigid and restrictive. Kissing is never registered on the screen,

and any display of violence and emotion is forbidden.

In a land where music had, for centuries, been unchanged and strictly limited to a two-octave notation and had, furthermore, belonged only "to the palace or the temple," new and more flexible systems of notation, new instruments, and new concepts of orchestration had to be evolved for use on the sound track. It must be noted that lovers of classical Indian music consider the new "film music" a cultural abomination. But the masses find it both enjoyable and stimulating.

The film industry in India is divided into four distinct schools of thought and production techniques. The Bengal school, on the eastern coast, has taken the lead in the production of films of high literary quality. The Maharashtra school, on the west coast, attempts to depict on the screen social and political problems of the day. The Bombay school, located in India's most cosmopolitan city, is the chief center of the Indian film industry. Here the keynote is romance and the traditional triangle. The Punjab school, in northern India, tries to imitate Hollywood, with special emphasis on music and romance. The Indian Government has its own Films Division, which produces documentary films and newsreels.

The star system is strong in India. Popular stars receive large salaries and enthusiastic public acclaim. In contrast to the traditional luxury of the Hollywood scene, Indian stars live simply and quietly. So far at least divorces in the film colony are uncommon.

The language problem is a serious one in India—for literature as well as for the motion picture. Films are produced in at least seven regional languages. Despite such barriers, however, the theaters are always filled. "Too often," Mr. Thomas tells us, "because they have nowhere else to go." In a country which has no organized theater or community-recreation centers, with few libraries, no cheap radio sets, and no television at all, the motion picture offers the only source of inexpensive entertainment.

Two years ago James Jones' novel of life at an army barracks was on best-seller lists all over the country. *From Here to Eternity* is long, sordid, and, from a literary viewpoint, altogether undistinguished. It seemed to me when I read it that the book must have brought heartache and worry to every parent who had a young son in any branch of our

nation's armed services. It seemed to me, too, that some of the philosophies expounded by Mr. Jones' characters had disturbing overtones and undertones.

Many of the most objectionable features of the novel have been omitted in the film version. But *From Here to Eternity* (Columbia, Fred Zinnemann) is still a brutal and ugly record of cruelty and depravity. Technically and artistically the film is outstanding. The characterizations are sharply defined, the settings—at Schofield Barracks in Hawaii—are arresting, and Mr. Zinnemann's direction is exemplary. Burt Lancaster and Montgomery Clift are excellent in leading roles. Frank Sinatra is amazingly good as the lovable, high-spirited Italian boy who is tortured to death by a sadistic sergeant. Deborah Kerr and Donna Reed are satisfactory in difficult parts. Supporting players are uniformly good.

A small French boy is sure to capture your heart in *Little Boy Lost* (Paramount, George Seaton), adapted from Marghanita Laski's touching story of a father's desperate search for a lost son. Thin, big-eyed, and intense, eight-year-old Christian Fourcade is ideally suited to the role of the child ostensibly orphaned by war. Young Christian is simple, direct, appealing, and refreshingly free from the coy "cuteness" which seems to afflict so many child players. Bing Crosby portrays the troubled father with dignity and restraint. Claude Daukhin, Nicole Maurey, and Gabrielle Dorziat are outstanding in the supporting cast of French thespians. George Seaton's sensitive direction keeps within bounds what might easily have been an out-and-out tear-jerker. The action takes place in Europe. Bing sings a bit, too.

Here at home we can see *A Lion Is in the Streets* (Warners, Raoul Walsh) for what it is—the story of a demagogue who flashed briefly across the American political scene and was ultimately cut down by an assassin. But what of those outside our country who do not understand our ways? If they accept *A Lion Is in the Streets* as typical and representative, Americans must seem to them to be stupid, gullible, downtrodden, unscrupulous, and given to alternating fits of violence and piety. And what of our enemies? It is disturbing to think of the use they can make of this film for anti-American propaganda. Derived from Adria Locke Langley's novel, *A Lion Is in the Streets* has some telling moments; but, generally speaking, it is only a pallid and

superficial study of a corrupt politician.

Mr. Belvidere is back. Only this time Clifton Webb appears as *Mr. Scoutmaster* (20th Century-Fox). As always, Mr. Webb is knee-deep in children. And again, as always, a battle royal ensues. All ends happily, however, after a somewhat dreary sequence of events. George Winslow, the boy with the foghorn voice Edmund Gwenn, and Frances Dee head the efficient supporting cast.

For a time I had a brief respite from Third Dementia. Then the 3-Ds came back with a rush. I felt positively crosseyed. *Wings of the Hawk* (Universal-International) was the worst offender. Much of the time I saw double—or the frames either overlapped or did not meet at all, and black spots flitted across the screen. All this and a silly picture, too.

Technically *The Moonlighter* (Warners, Natural Vision) was much better. But here, too, the story was weak, and the acting was commonplace.

Next, and last, there was *Devil's Canyon* (RKO), a thoroughly preposterous so-called prison movie, set in the 1890s. Incidentally, there are rumors that the 3-D vogue is "practically dead."

The War of the Worlds (Paramount) presents an exciting and, at times, terrifying version of H.G. Wells' famous novel. Special scientific devices are strikingly effective.

Magnificent technicolor photography is the outstanding feature of *Return to Paradise* (Aspen: United Artists), a colorful adaptation of James Michener's well-known collection of short stories. This picture was filmed entirely in British West Samoa.

Vivid background material as well as careful attention to plot and detail make *Plunder of the Sun* (Warners), *A Blueprint for Murder,* and *Dangerous Crossing* (both 20th Century-Fox) better-than-average whodunits.

Blowing Wild (Warners) sure does! Or shall I say HE does? For it is Gary Cooper who "blows wild" when he has "been crossed just once too often." An unimpressive and unconvincing tale if ever I saw one.

C. S. Forester's stirring story of the sea has lost much of its flavor, color, suspense, and credibility in the film version titled *Sailor of the King* (20th Century-Fox).

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Some months back I wrote in these pages about the glories of high-fidelity sound. Little did I know that suddenly the American public would adopt hi-fi for its very own and that America's phono and radio manufacturers would try to meet the response. Even less did I realize that the Cresset was actually read in so many parts of the United States, Canada, Mexico and a few more countries. At any rate, I have had some letters and I have had some oral response. Lately the general tone of the questions has been something like this: "What about these completely assmbled hi-fi sets retailing for about $130.00?"

In the interest of your readers, I took the liberty to do some unofficial listening to these sets. The first question: "How do they reproduce sound?" Two other questions: "What about the needle and is this a good buy?"

1. Columbia's "360" was first on the market. It has twin speakers and you may, if you want stereophonic sound, clip on a third. The needle is a ceramic and I wonder what it will do to cherished microgroove records. The sound is good.

2. Wilcox Gay's "400" also has two speakers. I didn't check about a third speaker. And I forgot to ask about the needle. It must have been because the sound was really impressive and I had a lot of fun listening to the new RCA-Victor recording of Berlioz' Romeo and Juliet Symphony.

3. Webster-Chicago's Webcor Musicale has three speakers, seems to have lots of power to spare, its own changer equipped with a GE magnetic cartridge. The tone is excellent.

4. Gramophone's "Dorset" is a portable, but don't let that scare you away. While it has only one speaker, the "Dorset" can carry tone cycles all the way up to 16,000, more than enough. The "Dorset" comes with a Garrard record changer equipped with a GE magnetic cartridge. You couldn't ask for more.

I won't commit myself on the above four (and there were another eight makes I looked at) but at least you won't be cheated.

I still think you can get even better sound by putting together your own components. Here they

are: Newcomb amplifier Model A-104 ($69.50); Jensen 12" speaker Model H-222 ($53.41); Garrard changer Model RC80 ($45.08); 2 GE cartridges for standard and microgroove ($5.85 ea.); R-J speaker enclosure ($29.50). This runs over the $200 mark and a poor college instructor may have to defer this dream for a while. But there you have a machine which will bring you the sound you think you hear in Carnegie or Orchestra Hall.

ALFRED P. KLAUSLER

... when defrauded, appeal not to the law; when hated, love; when persecuted, endure; when blasphemed, deprecate. Be dead to sin, be crucified for God; transfer all your cares to the Lord, that you may be found where are the myriads of angels, the assemblies of the first-born, the thrones of the apostles, the seats of the prophets, the sceptres of the patriarchs, the crowns of the martyrs, and the praises of the just. Seek to be numbered among those righteous men, in Jesus Christ our Lord.

—ST. BASIL THE GREAT

Four Biblical Sketches

By DICK LETTERMANN

I

Balthazar

I am the foolish wise man
come from the East
who brought only
a record and a heart
personal adornments. . .
bitter perfume

II

The Baptist

repent your bones,
be bitter of your name,
remember your unkept skeleton
scarecrow among the weeds,
scrape your silly soul
against this razor

and I will show you,
one clean-shaven

III

Pilate

you should know
that I am Pilate
who smokes too much,
who throws justice down
three flights
for a night-time
with Jewish beards

(but when I tossed her
I didn't know
she was pregnant,
oh my God
what have I done)

IV

Cleopas

how was it,
that this stranger
should show us
the stones in our hands,
while we were
in the way?

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(cut along this line)

On the preceding page, we have printed an order blank with room for three gift subscription orders. We do not expect to get three gift subscription orders from each subscriber. But it is intriguing to sit here and think what it would mean to the CRESSET if, by some miracle, we should get three subscriptions per subscriber.

It would mean that the CRESSET would have reached an all-time high in subscriptions. It would mean that, for the frist time in our seventeen years of publishing, our editors could give their whole attention to writing and editing without having to spend a third to a half of their time wrestling with budgetary problems. It would mean that the CRESSET would be as widely distributed (and perhaps therefore as influential) as are some of the more important of the Roman Catholic publications. It would mean that plans for expansion and improvement of the CRESSET which we have had to lay aside for several years could at last be put into effect. In short, it would mean the making of the CRESSET.

For the past three years, we have had very little trouble holding subscribers. We have not, however, felt justified in diverting any funds from the actual publication of the magazine into publicity and promotion. Nor, as we have said before, do we consider it wise to try to sell a magazine like the CRESSET by high-pressure tactics designed to bludgeon unwilling people into laying out money for a magazine that they don't really want. We shall be satisfied if we can say, someday, that the CRESSET has been put into the hands of everybody who really wants a magazine of this nature. Our subscribers, more than anyone else, can see to it that the CRESSET reaches its proper audience.

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

In most communities nowadays, it has become a rule of etiquette to remember the newspaper boy, the milkman, the mailman, and the grocery boy with a small present at Christmas time. It might come as a pleasant surprise to your pastor or teacher if he were the object of similar thoughtfulness and gratitude. We suspect that many a pastor or teacher who would otherwise be one of our readers is kept off our subscriber roll by the simple economic fact that three dollars are three dollars —the price of a meal for some of us and the difference between solvency and insolvency for the rest of us.